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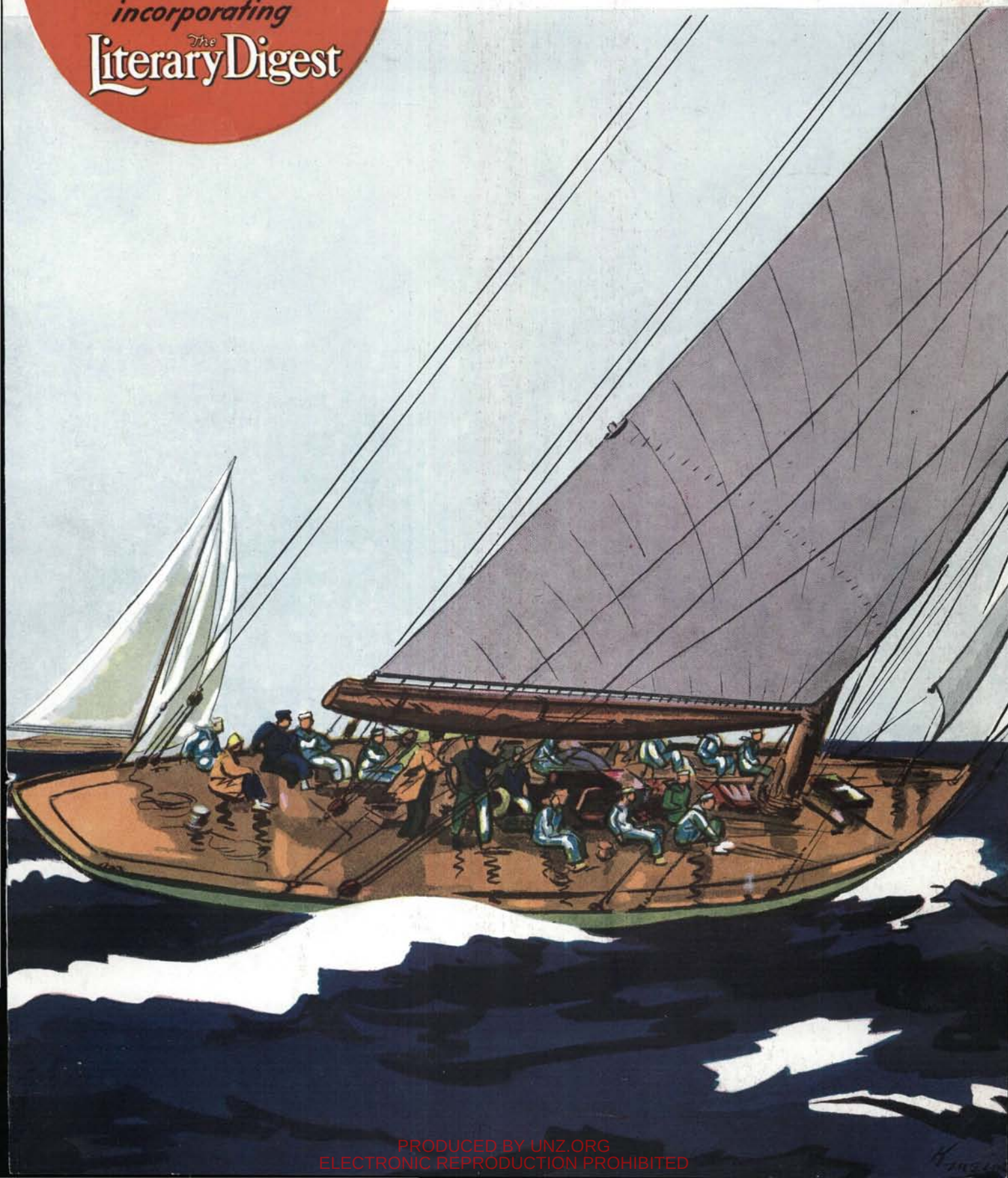
The Digest

EVIEW OF REVIEWS

incorporating The Literary Digest



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To Our Readers

WHEN you have read this third issue of THE DIGEST, you should have a reasonably clear idea of what we think you want. Would it be too much to ask that you tell us, critically, what you like most in the magazine?

We have set up before us an imaginary person for whom we edit THE DIGEST. This person is alertly intelligent, and by reason of ability and vigorous purpose, is busy and responsible for the guidance and well-being of many other people—a leader.

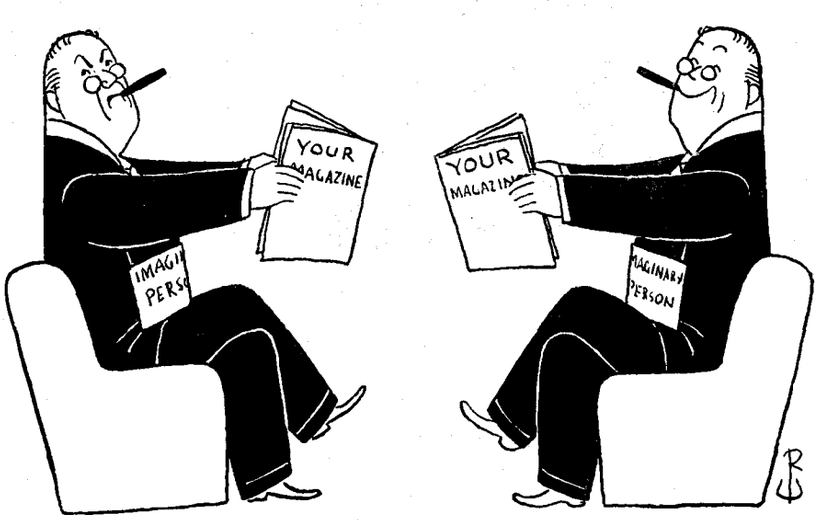
We assume that this person has a searching, curious mind, interested not merely in what happens but in why it happened, eager to know what other leaders are thinking; a mind sensitive to the swift currents of human hopes, visions and convictions on which the world is moving to its destiny.

It seems to us probable that this individual has not sought the sanctuary of scholarly seclusion, wherein to nurture his ego, but is living vitally, objectively. We think of him rather as one of those quiet men who are directing industry to titanic achievement, or searching beyond the frontiers of knowledge for new materials and truths which must be the basis for raising mankind to a better way of living.

We know that many such people found in *Review of Reviews* and the *Literary Digest* a service of selection and condensation which they needed and appreciated. It is our aim to retain these values of the parent magazines, but to present them in the tempo of modern living, with the virility of outlook which we credit to our readers.

That is why we ask you to tell us frankly and thoughtfully what you like in THE DIGEST. The whole art of editing lies in knowing what readers want. THE DIGEST is *your* magazine, not ours. Its formula—if the magazine is to prosper—must serve your intellectual needs. We think THE DIGEST is a good magazine. With your help, it can become a great one—for you.

Albert Shaw



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The Digest

REVIEW OF REVIEWS
incorporating
The Literary Digest

Albert Shaw, *Editor*
Albert Shaw, Jr., *Publisher*

JULY 31, 1937

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NO. 3

CONTENTS

Cover by Kay Luhrs

Editor's Mail 2
Story of a Week
The Nation • Foreign Affairs • Business • Science & Medicine • Sports • People 5
Crusader 13
France Builds a Navy 16
Pro and Con 18
Seatrain 20
Editorial by Albert Shaw 21
Reading Around the World 22
Books in Brief 29
Movies 31
Spice of Life 32

Managing Editors: Howard Florance, David Page
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National Editor: Thomas K. Krug
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FROM THE EDITOR'S MAIL

Balanced Ratior

To the Editor:

I have read the first issue of THE DIGEST from cover to cover, and have become very enthusiastic about its future. It seems to me that you have evolved a formula for an informative weekly which is not only clear and complete, but interesting and entertaining at the same time.

Particularly good are the treatment of "A Story of a Week" and the excellent special articles. "Pro and Con" should have a wide appeal among the fair-minded and constructive people to whom THE DIGEST is directed.

Stuart Peabody,
New York, N. Y.

Interpretation

To the Editor:

The present generation is so accustomed to the featured editorial in the interpretation of current events that most of us assume the time never was when it was not a characteristic part of magazine publishing.

But it was in fact not until Dr. Albert Shaw established the *Review of Reviews* that American readers found a magazine which could help them to understand as well to know what was going on.

About the same time the *Literary Digest* started on its course of highly valuable usefulness in weekly interpretation of world happenings.

Founded on the same solid rock of definite achievement, these two periodicals, now one and appearing weekly as THE DIGEST, give ample promise in your July 17 issue of carrying on from the very good to the very best.

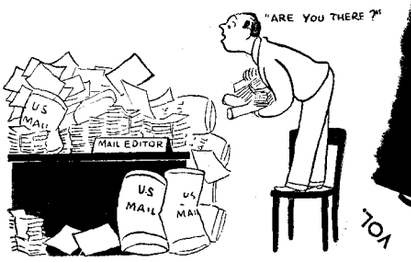
Lyman Powell,
Mountain Lakes, N. J.

Near East

To the Editor:

I have read practically every number of the *Review of Reviews* from the first and have placed my file in the library of Anatolia College, which was founded at about the same time as the magazine. It has been the best single source for our students in following the history of these five stormy decades.

The countries and peoples of the Near East have experienced some of the most far-reaching and tragic dislocations of all history. The citizens of three huge empires, Turkey, Russia, and Austria, have flung their thrones on the scrap heap, and wrecked two great religious systems. The



best record of these momentous is contained in the file of your m .

You have a great opportuni serve the interests of truth and peace for many years to come. I have high hopes for THE DIGEST. Carry on with confidence and cheer.

George E. White,
President Emeritus,
Anatolia College

From Missouri

To the Editor:

Last November there was considerable conjecture as to why President Roosevelt was elected by such an overwhelming majority.

It is very evident, especially to citizens of Kansas City, *why* the tremendous "landslide." My personal surmises have been verified by subsequent events in our city. I refer particularly to the vote-fraud disclosures by a Federal grand jury and courts.

I believe it may be safely concluded that similar tactics were used in other cities in the last November election, although exposure of such conditions may not have been made. The good people of Kansas City are too proud of their beautiful city to want the stigma of these election frauds to go unchallenged by other cities.

Ora Irene Johnson,
Kansas City, Missouri

Good Start

To the Editor:

As a long-time follower and user of the old *Literary Digest,* I am naturally much interested in the recent changes which have taken place in its ownership and policy.

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The *Literary Digest* has played a very important part in the national life over a period when great changes were taking place. It has helped to clarify public opinion; it has given both sides of all important political questions impartially; it has never hesitated to report with extreme candor economic and social faults; it has always stood for the best in American life.

In your announcement you say it is "planned to attract anyone who has a thoughtful interest in world affairs." That is a fine concept, although world affairs as such have only recently (and even now the number is discouragingly small) attracted any particular attention from American magazine readers. A small group, it is true; although a good many college students are actively interested.

I have felt for several years that a weekly that gave a real digest of current world thought as expressed in the leading English and Continental magazines by authorities who are writing for French, German, English, Spanish and other magazines would do something that has never as yet been done in a way to reach the mass of American readers. It is true a few reviews do this but for a small reading list. It should be from their point of view—not the American popular observer—who never gives, except in rare instances, anything but a superficial picture of conditions.

At any rate, you're off to a great start, with a fine tradition to live up to and grow out of! And here's wishing you and your associates every good thing for THE DIGEST.

A. H. Patterson,
Hartford, Conn.

Unions, Inc.

To the Editor:

Either Mr. Roosevelt is a coward or is so obligated to the CIO that he doesn't dare to call his soul his own. The unions, all of them, should be made to incorporate so that they could be made responsible, and the income tax be made to function the same as with any other corporation.

F. E. Farrar,
Tampa, Florida.

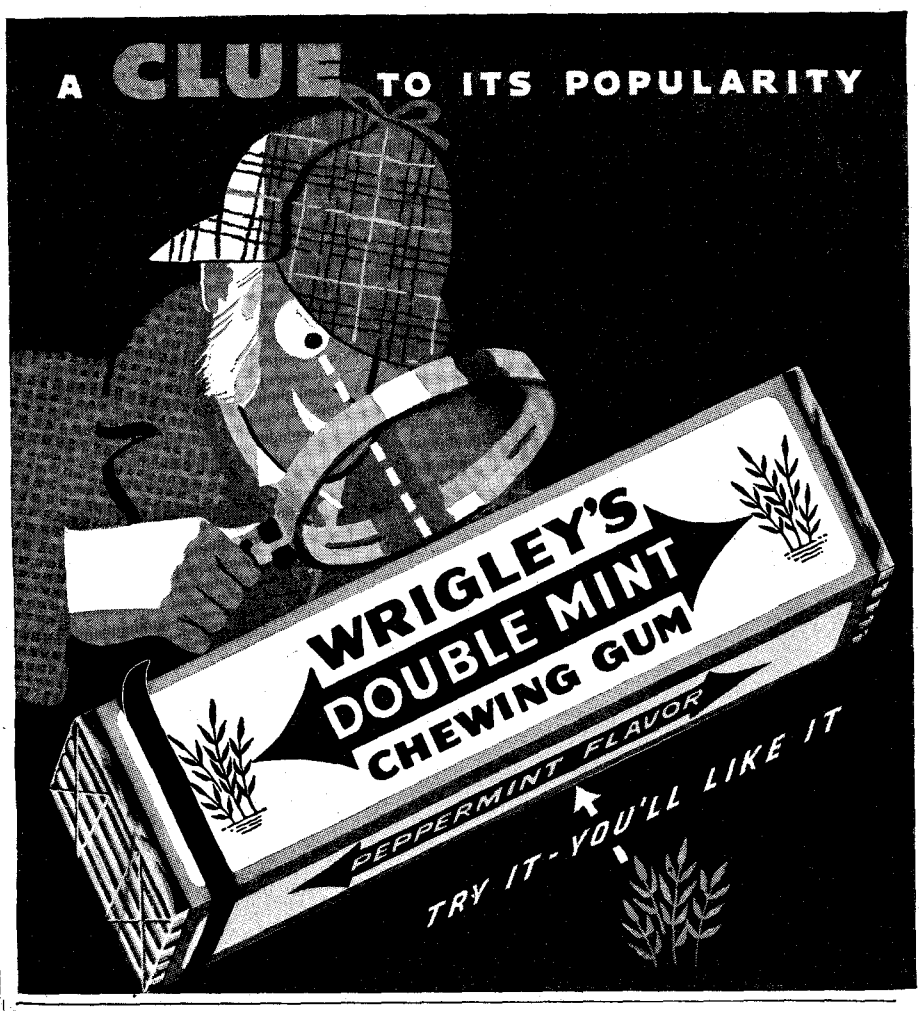
Thank You

To the Editor:

I seldom become enthusiastic enough about things to write letters; nevertheless your recent issues are so good that it would be a shame not to compliment you on the change. This does not mean that it was not a fine publication before you made the changes; yet for one who is busy, and therefore has but little time to read long articles, your new method of presenting information is a long desired blessing.

Wishing you the best of luck.

Robert R. Hull,
Altadena, California.



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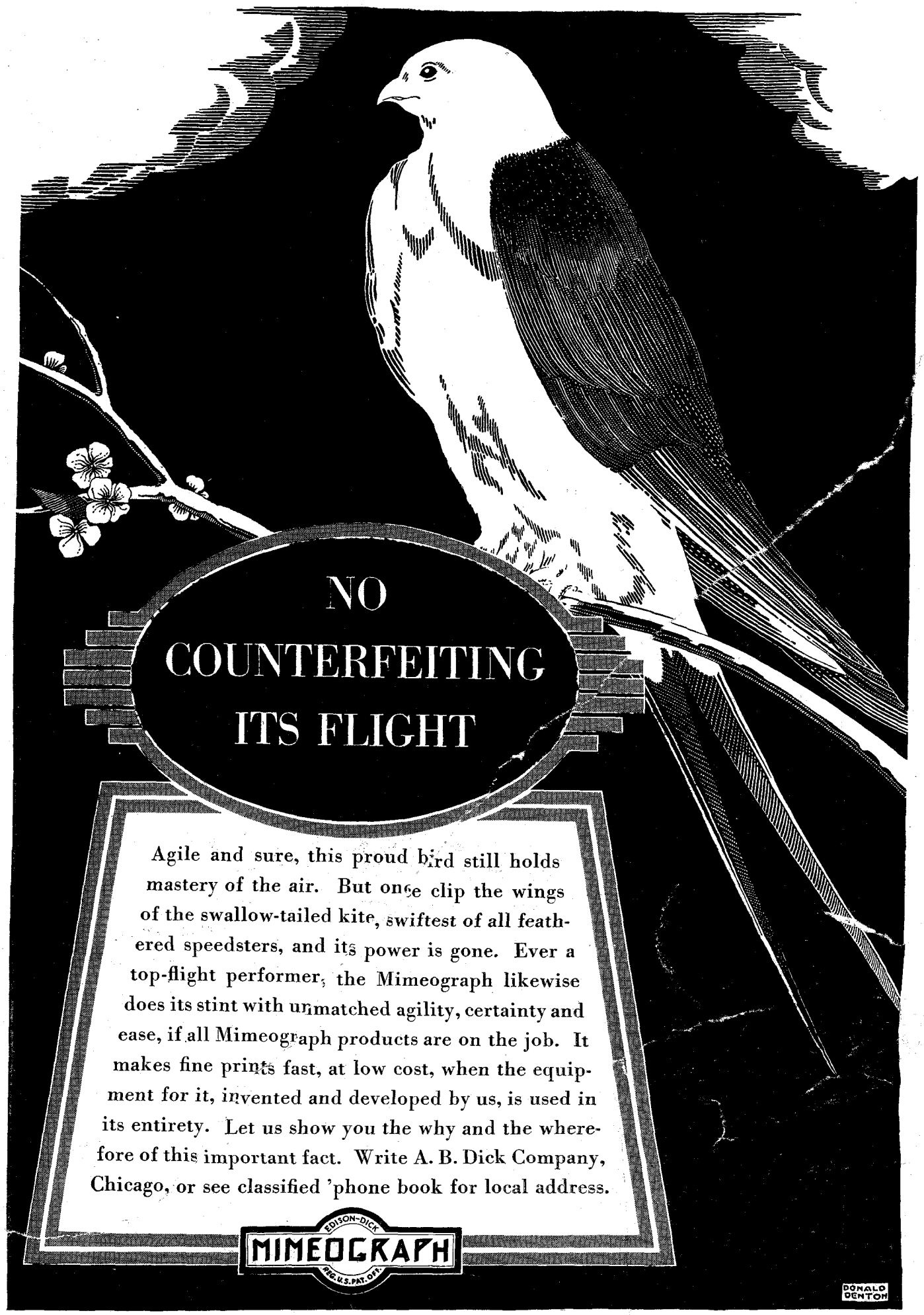
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The Digest

Story of a Week

THE NATION

To say the best of it, July has not been a particularly salubrious month. Save on an occasional mountain peak, the temperature over most of the country has been hostile if not downright malicious, roasting, boiling, and frying its 128,000,000 victims until their bodies wilt, brains curdle, spirits droop, and tempers snap like a whiplash. Nor has the political and social temperature of the month been a bit more restful or salutary, what with Democrat flying at the throat of Democrat and labor bang-banging away in a continuous civil war. It is pleasant, therefore, to report that, despite everything, at least one person in the nation is feeling perfectly O.K. Father Divine, Black Messiah to some, but God to his followers, recently closed a letter to a disciple with this comforting reassurance: "This leaves me well, healthy, joyful, peaceful, lively, living, successful, prosperous and happy in spirit, body and mind and in every organ, muscle, sinew, joint, limb, vein and bone, and even in every atom, fiber and cell of my bodily form."

• •

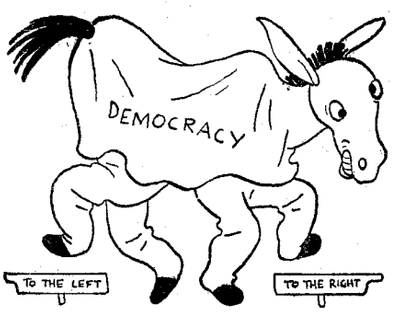
All dispatches from Washington describing the Congress-vs.-White House, Democrat-vs.-Democrat fight over the legislative program really should begin and end with notes on the city's heat. They would make it much easier to understand the conflict's angry intensity. Like the tom-tom in "The Emperor Jones," like the rain in "Rain," the temperature of Washington in summer gets into the marrow of the bone, melting the most eminent and estimable into all-too-ordinary mortals. "Cruel, sodden, and exasperating," it is called by Walter Lippmann, a columnist who does not exaggerate. "The fiery blasts lie like jungle beasts and stalk the weary traveler from behind every bush and plant," writes Heywood Broun, a columnist who does exaggerate, but not, in this case, enough. The Senate chamber is air-cooled, but no air cools Washington as a whole. Furthermore, the average age of the Senators is 57, and many are a great deal older. If their words seem needlessly hot, their tempers overinflammable as the arguments rage on and on, it may be unnecessary to seek an explanation beyond Washington's super-special heat and humidity.

Damon vs. Pythias

Franklin D. Roosevelt and Governor Herbert H. Lehman are the Damon and Pythias of politics. From 1928 to 1932 Roosevelt was governor of New York with Lehman as his lieutenant-governor. Last June, when Lehman, weary of political life, planned to retire, the President whisked him off to Hyde Park for a weekend and persuaded him to run again to keep New York's forty-seven electoral votes in the Democratic bag.

"My strong right arm," Roosevelt once called his old friend. Last week the strong right arm gave him a jolting blow between the eyes. In a letter to Robert F. Wagner, New York junior senator, the governor condemned the Administration's Supreme Court bill for setting a "dangerous precedent" and asked Wagner to vote against it.

First Alfred E. Smith, then Royal S. Copeland, now another New York political leader throwing brickbats at the New Yorker in the White House. In June of last year, Smith and other prominent Democrats jarred delegates to their party's convention by demanding that they snub Roosevelt and nominate "a genuine Democrat." Many political pundits feel that the Court bill has widened this Democratic split into an unbridgeable chasm. In their opinion, the twenty-three Democratic Senators committed against the bill formed a battalion of death resolved, if they won on this issue, to "kill the king" by taking over the party; resolved, if they lost, to take their case to the voters in 1938 and 1940.



A contrary view questions whether all of the Democratic Senators opposed to the

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE WEEK

A court bill death-blow?	5
A F of L fights for life	6
WPA and its millions	6
New York's fiery Fiorello	7
Farm tenancy bill passed	7
Business up 35 percent	9
China annoys mighty Japan	7
Biggest battle in nineteen years	8
A navy treaty signed	8
Rulers who survive in Russia	8
Too much buying "on time"?	9
Heart disease, greatest killer	10
High cost of yachting	11
Barkley's voice in the Senate	12

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Court bill will try to wreck Roosevelt's whole legislative program. Governor Lehman made it plain that he will continue to support the President on other measures. Certain Democratic senators may feel the same way.

Issues have split parties to the heels before, however. In 1896, young William Jennings Bryan set the Democratic national convention tingling with his "cross of gold" speech, winning a "free silver" platform and the Democratic nomination. Conservatives thereupon bolted, organized a rump National Democratic party, and nominated John M. Palmer of Illinois on a "gold standard" plank. The split made it easy for Republicans to put McKinley in the White House.

In 1912, Teddy Roosevelt stalked out of a Republican convention dominated by Taft delegates and organized the Progressive party with a platform demanding woman suffrage and the "recall" of judicial decisions by popular referendum. Still an idol, Teddy won 4,126,020 votes to Taft's 3,483,922, thereby handing the election to Wilson.

And Wilson himself, like Franklin Roosevelt, had the dismal experience of seeing his own followers in the Senate turn one by one against the measure nearest his heart—an institution then fresh and novel known as the League of Nations.

Labor's war within

LABOR'S family row rages on. The C.I.O. sets out to organize 2,800,000 federal, state, county, and municipal job-holders—though the A. F. of L. is already doing just that. A longshoremen's union affiliated with the Federation refuses to switch to the C.I.O., so John L. Lewis creates his own union of marine workers.

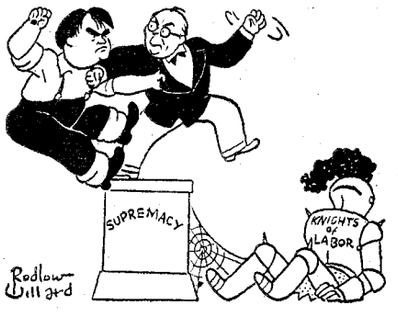
For Lewis's industrial unions it is a slam-bang scramble for members. For William Green's craft organizations it is ***another fight for life.***

When the Federation blazed over the labor horizon in 1881, led by an obscure cigar maker, Samuel Gompers, it collided head-on with the eleven-year-old Knights of Labor. Gompers sought members among the skilled trades. The Knights, like today's C.I.O., were enrolling both skilled and unskilled into "one big union." The Federation's progress was slow. In 1886 it had 50,000 members; the Knights had 700,000.

Then violence and sabotage stripped the radical Knights of public favor. In eight years their membership slumped to 175,000. Meanwhile the wily Gompers was running his Federation up to 548,321 in 1900, to 4,100,000—all-time high—in 1920. Depression cut, prosperity boosted membership. Thus in 1933 there were only 2,126,796 on A. F. of L. rolls.

The Knights died but the "one big union" idea continued to bedevil the Federation. In 1905 the Industrial Workers of the World arose, talked industrial unionism, and sent organizers out to corral mass-production workers whom the A. F. of L. ignored. The "Wobblies" had Gompers worried, but like the Knights they fell into disfavor because of ruthless strike tactics.

But the Lewis drive for nation-wide industrial unions has what neither Knights nor "Wobblies" had: a sympathetic administration at Washington and a war chest. A fortnight ago the C.I.O. began levying special dues of five cents a month on its 3,000,000 members (C.I.O. estimate), in addition to local union dues and assessments. Similarly the Federation collects two cents from its 3,091,000 members (Federation estimate).



There are 400,000 in the four great railway brotherhoods whom neither Lewis nor Green can sign up. As the two men fight it out for the rest of our 28,000,000 organizable workers, peacemakers cast about for means of ending the feud. Under one plan, Green would be named to the Cabinet, another leader made president of the Federation, and the new C.I.O. unions placed under a special A. F. of L. "mass production department," with John L. Lewis as chairman.

Mr. Lewis in a fix

FORTUNATELY an occasional flash of comic relief lightens the gloom of strikes and counter-strikes. Consider, for example, the droll dilemma of John L. Lewis, whose C.I.O. contains workers of practically every other vocation, but no masons, no plasterers, no carpenters. Mr. Lewis plans to move into a new home in Alexandria, Va., next October, but the place must be repaired. Who will do the repairing? ***Non-union men? Unthinkable.*** There is nothing for it; the head of the C.I.O. must hire workers affiliated with the A. F. of L. and his hated rival, William Green.

The alternative, giving up the new home, would be equally doleful. For the $27,500 colonial house, built in 1791, is a charming antique—Lighthorse Harry Lee delivered George Washington's funeral oration in its drawing room—and Mr. Lewis, his wife, and their daughter Katherine love antiques above all things. It pleases them to think that colonial Alexandria is itself an antique. There the Lewises move quietly in the town's best society and live comfortably with a cook, a maid, and a blue-uniformed chauffeur to pilot John L.'s Cadillac to and from his office in Washington. Best of all, Alexandria is full of antique stores in which the Lewises conduct their frequent shopping expeditions for tip-tilt tables, fire fenders, and cane-seated chairs.

More Scottsboro

"FREE the Scottsboro boys!" is as vibrant a rallying cry to leftists of today as "Free Sacco and Vanzetti!" was to liberals twelve years ago. Last week Andy Wright came as close to freedom as any of the eight other Negro boys accused of attacking two white women on an Alabama freight train six years ago had ever come. The state of Alabama agreed to waive the death penalty for him.

Three days earlier a drawling, overalled jury of farmers had found Clarence Norris, another of the nine, guilty of rape and a judge had sentenced him to death. He received the pronouncement without a flicker of expression, for it was the third time he had heard it.

A month after their alleged attack on Ruby Bates and Mrs. Victoria Price all nine of the boys were convicted by a Scottsboro jury. In 1932 the Supreme Court ordered the verdicts set aside because the defendants had not had adequate counsel.

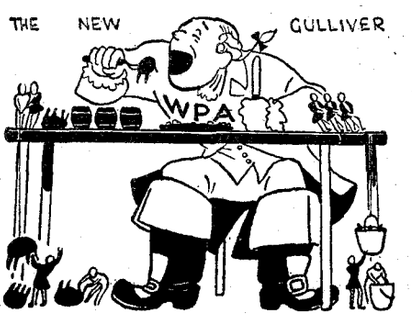
There were more trials and more reversals. Heywood Patterson, sentenced to death the following year (although Ruby Bates had meanwhile repudiated the attack story), was saved by a Circuit Court judge who ruled that there was insufficient evidence. Tried once more, a second intervention by the Supreme Court saved him.

On January 23, Alabama for a fourth time demanded that Patterson die. A jury again found him guilty. This time the sentence was seventy-five years in prison.

WPA, our hungry guest

LIKE a visiting relative, WPA keeps shoving its plate back for more. The first helping was $1,413,444,855—dished out in May, 1935, when the agency was organized. The second, for 1936, was $1,168,586,619—with a side order of $650,000,000 in a deficiency bill. Last month, after scolding WPA for gluttony, Congress passed the plate once more, with a portion of $1,325,000,000.

With its 1935 allotment, WPA received definite instructions from the White



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House. Jobless but able men and women (about 4,885,000, half the supposed total of the unemployed) were to be taken off direct relief and placed on "made-work" projects. By February, 1936, 3,288,622 families—the peak number—were on WPA rolls. They built dams, wrote plays, acted, painted murals, taught school, sewed, bound books.

But it cost money—$804 per job per year. Thrifty taxpayers complained of boondoggling, of communist influence in the art projects, of WPA drama that was definitely left-wing. They felt that, since good times were back, relief rolls should be slashed.

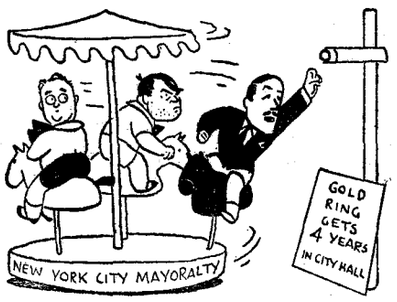
Today, with $1,325,000,000, WPA can employ only 1,665,477, which means that ***300,000 others must find their bread elsewhere.*** Cutting down spells trouble. In New York City, women clawed, bit, and screamed as police dragged them from offices where they were "staying in" to protest lay-offs. One group surged through mid-town Manhattan last week on a "mass job hunt." In South Bend, Ind., reliefers struck and chanted: "We all work or no one works!"

The Workers Alliance, an organization of unemployed claiming 800,000 WPA members, planned a protest trek to Washington. This is the favorite tactic of its leader, David Lasser, M.I.T. graduate and World War veteran. Once interested in technocracy and in a project to send rockets to the moon, Lasser now prefers to claim credit for the relief marches on the capitals of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, and the United States.

Gotham pepper pot

NEW YORK CITY'S 7,000,000 citizens are getting a little bit giddy. So many candidates are popping in and out of their whirling mayoralty race that not until primary day (September 16) will anyone know for certain who is running on which ticket.

The only constant factor in the scramble is Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia,



hoisted into office in 1933 by a Democratic-Republican coalition against Tammany Hall. Chubby, pint-sized, this ***overlord of the nation's first city*** fairly bristles with energy. "Breakfast conferences" begin his days. After-dinner appointments end them. His office hours are nine to six. So belligerent that he keeps the State Department jittery with his repeated outbursts against Hitler, he is nevertheless a sentimental soul with an abiding love of music and children. He reads the Declaration of Independence to his own boy and girl every Fourth of July. Last week William Allen White of Kansas surprisingly suggested that the Republicans nominate him for President in 1940.

A liberal, he already has been promised the support of the new American Labor party in his mayoralty race, which means about 600,000 votes. In addition he has the backing of many Socialists and Communists as well as many Democrats and Republicans.

His opponent? Tammany Hall, weakened by internal rifts, but desperate to recapture its old-time power, hesitated. The best bet last week was Grover A. Whalen, formerly Manhattan's official greeter of transatlantic flyers, Channel swimmers, and big-game hunters. Well-set-up, handsomely tailored, with military moustache, Whalen looks like Hollywood's version of a prosperous banker, boutonniere and all. Once New York's efficient police commissioner, he is today the equally efficient chairman of the World's Fair Corporation.

But Whalen was by no means Tammany's unanimous choice. One faction was strong for another prominent figure in New York politics, Senator Royal S. Copeland, M. D., who had said that he might run if Democrats united behind him. As distinguished looking as Whalen, he too sports a carnation in his lapel, but there the resemblance stops. Elected to the Senate in 1922, with the hearty support of William R. Hearst, Copeland remained there by being as good a politician as he is a doctor. Today he and Hearst are equally bitter foes of the New Deal. His conservatism, is attractive to Right-wing Republicans and Democrats alike.

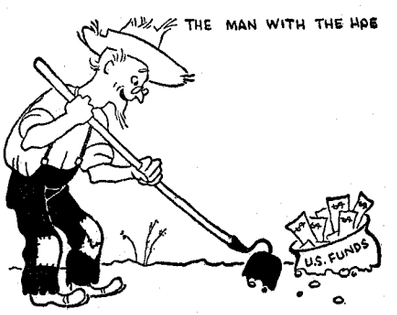
For the farmers

"FARM BILL VETOED," "Farm Bill Passed," "Farm Bill Introduced," the headlines bark, to the complete confusion of readers who do not persist far beyond them.

It is not the same farm bill in every instance; three separate farm bills have been seriously sponsored during this session of Congress. Number 1 was dead but has arisen. Number 2 has arisen but is dead—or so Washington dopesters say. Number 3 has been lively from the first and is about to go to work.

Number 1. On July 12 President Roosevelt vetoed and ostensibly killed a bill passed by Congress to continue low interest rates paid by borrowers from Federal Land Banks. But the House overrode that veto by a vote of 260 to 98, and Senator Borah pressed the Senate to follow suit.

Number 2. On July 15, Senators Pope and McGill offered the "ever-normal



granary" bill—surpluses of big-crop years to be stored for later use—as President Roosevelt had suggested. Last week, however, Washington observers predicted that the measure, introduced so late in the session, never would be enacted.

Number 3. On July 15, also, Congress completed action on the ***farm tenancy bill,*** one of the few consequential measures enacted this year. It authorizes the Government to lend tenants $85,000,000 in the next three years to enable them to become farm owners. Lightly but squarely, it hits at a Goliath-sized problem: 42 percent of American farm operators are not owners but tenants or sharecroppers, paying rent in cash or commodities. Bad enough in the Mid-West, the problem is most acute in the South, where many a tattered and woebegone sharecropper leads the life of a backward peasant. In Mississippi nearly 70 percent of farmers are tenants. Needless to say, $85,000,000 will never slay so sizeable a dragon. The bill is frankly an experiment, to ascertain the wisdom and probable expense of more of the same.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

RUSSIA shot her own best generals, and her Red army looked weak; hence Japan became aggressive toward Russia along the Amur River. Japan appeared involved with Russia; so ***China became aggressive*** in her own northern provinces where Japan—more confident than ever—is camped out. So ran the international sequence.

There was heavy fighting between Sung Cheh-yuan's 29th Route army (Chinese) and Kiyoshi Katsuki's North China Garrison army (Japanese). It raged in the villages between Peiping (former Chinese capital) and the Yungting River to the west, while tidings of a major war wracked Japanese Tokyo, Chinese Nanking (present capital), and a jittery western world. The semi-autonomous Hopei-Chahar political council, of which Sung Cheh-yuan is chairman, became involved as Japanese ire rose by haughty leaps and bounds. The

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council showed itself comparatively conciliatory.

Japan, imperialist boss of next-door Manchukuo, demanded of the rebellious Chinese just four things: withdrawal of troop concentrations west of Peiping; punishment of patriotic Chinamen who were anti-Jap; ruthless suppression of anti-Jap propaganda movements; coöperation with Japan against communism.

On Tuesday of last week the Japanese opened a formal attack to punish the Chinese, who had, it was alleged, continued their sniping tactics. Unfortunately for Japan, the world is too ready to believe that this provocation is either Jap inspired or at least welcome to Tokyo imperialists. Would China apologize? If not, was a major war in the making? Or would Japan wait for another clash?

In village and suburban fighting, Chinese long-swordsmen gave a good account of themselves against the under-mechanized Japs—although Chinese hero No. 1, Tsai-Ting-kai, was away in the Philippines. This efficient little general defended Shanghai against Japan in 1932. He says he will return for another pot-shot at the "Nipponese Neros."

Super-war

NOT SINCE the battle of the Argonne and the smashing of the Hindenburg Line in September, 1918, has the world seen such terrific fighting as takes place in the second battle of Madrid.

A loyalist offensive to lift the siege of Madrid (begun October 21, 1936) brought forth the biggest rebel counter-attack of the war. Along a thirty-mile front southwest of Madrid, the most savage and critical battle of the entire Spanish conflict was fought. Spain's future hung in the balance.

This was no Hollywood script: men fought with their fists, knives, airplanes, trench-mortars, armored-cars, tanks, machine-guns, and pent-up hate. Under a blistering sun thousands of wounded lay drenched in blood, caked in dust. Between 5000 and 7000 men made the supreme sacrifice daily. In the air the largest armadas, not only of the Spanish war, but of any time in the last nineteen years, have dog-fought. (On one day, near Madrid, 28 rebel and 1 loyalist plane were shot to the ground.) The artillery bombardment and airplane bombing were so terrific that windows in central Madrid trembled.

Thus was celebrated the first anniversary of the bloody Spanish civil war. An estimated 1,000,000 men already lie dead, another 2,000,000 are wounded. The rival navies are engaging each other more readily. For the first time, loyalist destroyers are beginning to challenge Franco's supremacy on the sea. At the same time Franco—with a vast air-force of silver-green Italian Fiats and German Heinkels to draw on—made his first real challenge against loyalist supremacy in the air. On one day the rebels had 320 planes aloft, bombing a dozen towns at a time. But as Madrid showed, the loyalists' fast black Russian Chatos and Moscas can wing it over slower rebel planes. Meanwhile, on land, 120,000 rebel doughboys tried to dislodge the loyalists from their gains around Madrid.

Naval greyhounds

TO RACE or not to race? That is the naval question. On alternate days the powers increase, then limit their navies. Today it is restriction: England has signed ***new naval pacts*** with Germany and Russia. Warship tonnage and gun calibers are restricted, provisions are made for an exchange of construction designs, hitherto secret.

The new Anglo-German pact is linked up with their 1935 naval agreement, whereby Germany promised to keep the size of her budding navy down to 35 percent of Britain's. Now Germany and Russia both promise not to build sea-dogs larger than 35,000 tons, aircraft carriers larger than 23,000 tons, or naval puppies above the limits already set by Britain, France, and the U. S. in their 1935 naval agreement. Only Japan and Italy remain unleashed.

By restricting themselves, Germany and Russia stand to gain:

1. A respite from the costly international naval race.

2. The right to build "several" (probably five) 8,000 to 10,000 ton cruisers.

By giving Germany and Russia some leeway, Britain stands to gain:

1. An end to nazi "surprises" like the famous "pocket battleships" (e.g. the ***Deutschland*** of Spanish fame), which seriously upset Britain's strategy. Henceforth German warships will not be mysterious mongrels, but pedigreed and registered greyhounds.

2. By allowing Russia a free and secret hand so far as her Far Eastern fleet is concerned, Britain hopes to make Japan's powerful navy a bit more vulnerable.

Meanwhile Japan refuses agreement on size of guns for new battleships, so Uncle Sam too will go the limit.

Who runs Russia?

CONSIDERING those who are getting slapped (see July 17 number), one may well wonder ***who runs Russia.*** The answer is really simple: a seven-man oligarchy of Dictator Stalin, Field Marshals Voroshilov and Yegorov, party-secretaries Akulov and Yezhov, politicos Kaganovitch (Cohenson) and Molotov. This, then, is the pale pink inner circle—Stalinite in fact, communist not even in theory.

Stalin is a "Tammany Hall" machine-dictator, and no mouthy, blatant demagogue like the Hitlers and Mussolinis. Voroshilov is war minister; Yegorov now has taken the high military place of the late Mike Tukachevsky (executed with seven other generals in June). Molotov is premier. The unusually able Kaganovitch (compared to Owen D. Young) is transportation minister. Akulov is parliamentary secretary to the national Central Executive Committee. Yezhov now heads the lethal G.P.U. secret police, succeeding the ousted Yagoda (another 1937 unfortunate).

In addition, President Old Man Kalinin (whiskered and bespectacled peasant-type, a sort of localized J. Bull or U. Sam) continues as aged and alleged top-kick of the Soviet Union. Like President Hindenburg in his last days under Hitler, President Kalinin rates an influential zero while Stalin dictates with guns and guile.

Orientals organize

TURKEY is prosperous and active these days, backed by an increasingly friendly British navy, the allied Russian air-force, and allied Jugoslav army. Now she organizes the Near East as Dictator Kemal Ataturk—blond and gray-eyed—engineers ***a four-sided pact*** including Persian Iran, Arabian Iraq, stout-hearted, mountainous Afghanistan, and the Turks themselves. The pact aims for non-aggression, friendship, and mutual consultation.

Syria, now a French mandate, is slated to join eventually this celestial status quo.

There had been various boundary disputes among these eastern powers, whose total population is about 40 million. Further, there was some distrust—for the new Turkey is heartily agnostic while the lesser three are still devoutly Mohammedan. Nonetheless, modernized Kemalland is the envy of the lesser oriental states of western Asia, just as modernized Japan sets the pace for eastern Asia (as in Siam, Manchukuo).

Now the new friendship bloc stretches from Balkan Bulgaria in Europe across into Asia Minor, and thence to the British Indian frontier in north-central Asia where Afghans are feared and respected (as Kipling would tell you). Enemies of the pact claim that it is a pan-Mohammedan "green" conspiracy; but this is specifically denied by Kemal, a prominent opponent of organized, entrenched state religion. Little Iraq is certainly pan-Arab,

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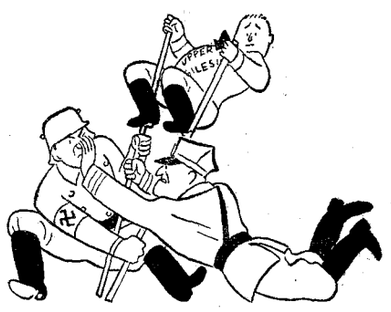
but that tendency affects troubled Palestine (see July 24 number) rather than Turks, Persians, or distant Afghans.

In Upper Silesia

THE SPECIAL 15-year League of Nations regime in upper Silesia—a so-rich mining area that lies between Germany and Poland—comes to an end. It is a last provision of the World War settlements. In 1921 a popular referendum was held here, in which Germans defeated Poles 7 to 4. Then, defrauding German electoral victors, the Allies divided the area, part going to Germany and part to Poland. This has been



a cause of ***endless economic friction,*** with pits in one country, pit-heads in another, everything topsy-turvy in an economically indivisible territory.

To ease economic tension and protect national minorities stranded on either side of the new dividing line, a temporary 15-year regime was instituted with mutual guarantees. (Meanwhile, the nazis came into power.) The area contains many Jews, no longer protected by guarantees now expiring. Backward Poland is anti-semitic, but Jews from German Upper Silesia are moving across the line into Polish Upper Silesia to escape nazi racial laws. Nazis are expected to ill-treat their Polish minority, and vice versa with a vengeance.

All this is at a time when Germany has plenty of enemies, and desires good relations with Poland against Soviet Russia. In Polish Upper Silesia, too, the German Prince of Pless has a huge feudal family-estate of 300,000 acres. It is expected that the Poles will subdivide this among the needy peasants as was attempted at certain grandees' expense in 1936 Spain.

Chaco aftermath

HILLBILLY Bolivia gets ***a new president:*** Herr Colonel German Busch, chief of the army general staff. The goose-stepping Bolivian military have long been German-trained and German-led. Thus the new president's first name is symbolic. The incoming Herr Colonel Busch kicks out Senor Colonel David Toro, hero of the ill-fated Chaco war with Paraguay. Toro became president in May, 1936, in a socialist coup which threw out President Jose Luis Tejada. Bolivia has 3 million people (largely Indians) and roughly half a million square miles, producing a quarter of the world's tin supply.

Little Paraguay, too, has been troubled since the Chaco war ended in 1935. President Eusebio Ayala (French Jewish in extraction) was overthrown by Colonel Rafael Franco (another war hero) who substituted an openly "Italo-German" fascist program for a bogus "American" democratic one. Franco, since he became provisional president in February, 1936, has himself been bounced around but still sits on top. He is not related to General Francisco Franco, dictator of the Spanish rebel armies.

BUSINESS

AS INDUSTRIAL activity slackens to its summer tempo, business men look back on a half year that all told was indeed profitable, look forward to the second half that bodes equally well—if not better.

Despite strikes in the automobile and steel industries, business continued its forward march in the recovery cycle during the first half of the year. Indices of activity—construction awards, retail trade, security prices, steel and automobile production, freight carloadings—all pointed their statistical noses upward.

In a survey of seventy reporting companies, THE DIGEST finds that their earnings total $155,000,000 for the first half of this year, compared with $115,000,000 in the same period last year—a 35 percent boost.

Examples: Union Oil Company of California earned $5,200,000 the first six months of 1937, compared with $2,000,000 in the same period in 1936. Underwood-Elliott-Fisher Company made $2,576,409 through June 30, 1937, $1,486,625 through June 30, 1936. Caterpillar Tractor Company's profit for this year's first six months is $6,302,875, for last year's, $4,481,091. Edward G. Budd Manufacturing Company made $1,090,864 during the first half of 1937, $685,835 during 1936's first half. Remington Rand made $3,295,000 the first half of this year, $1,957,000 in the same period a year ago.

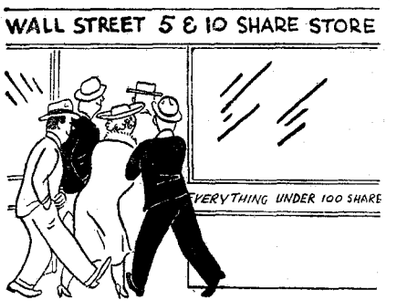
With autumn's expected increase in business just around the corner, the business man smiles—and justly so.

Possibly later reports, from other companies, will lower this indicated 35 percent increase in big business over the first half of last year. If not, it is a showing quite extraordinary, for 1936 itself was not at all a bad year, and 1937 so far has been too much disturbed by labor troubles large and small.

Odd-lot optimism

ODD-LOT buyers—those of us who are neither rich nor poor—***have become optimistic*** since the threat of steel strike faded. S.E.C., reporting on odd-lot trading, tells us that for five weeks these small investors bought more than they sold. Probably the trend is still the same. Latest figures available, for the week ended July 10, are: 39 million dollars in purchases, 32 million in sales.

In ordinary transactions, on any exchange, purchases and sales always balance. But in odd-lot transactions the dealer



buy as many hundred-shares as they require for their customers, and sell as many hundred-shares as their accumulated offerings amount to. There is no need for purchases and sales to balance.

Instalment selling

AS NOTICEABLE as a well-directed squirt from the morning grapefruit, instalment selling is again in the public eye. From cynical observers directly, from Government sources indirectly, warnings have come that instalment sales are gaining at ***too rapid a pace,*** that, if unchecked, they may reach dangerous limits.

The Department of Commerce, for instance, in its recently issued retail credit survey of 1936, points out that while retail sales in 1936 gained 11 percent over the preceding year, instalment sales gained 25 percent.

Stepchild of retail trade, instalment selling has grown greatly from the "dollar down, dollar when you catch me" days of its youth. In the nineteen twenties, the public in increasing numbers turned from the maxim, "pay before using," to the more tempting one, "use while paying," to obtain automobiles, furniture, pianos and other durable goods otherwise beyond their reach. So receptive had it become to "buying on time" that instalment sales in 1929 aggregated $6,500,000,000—13 percent of all retail sales for that year (although, according to private estimates, only one-third of that amount was outstanding at any one given time).

As instalment selling waxed greatly in those halcyon days of the late twenties, some observers condemned it as breaking down natural habits of thrift and econ-

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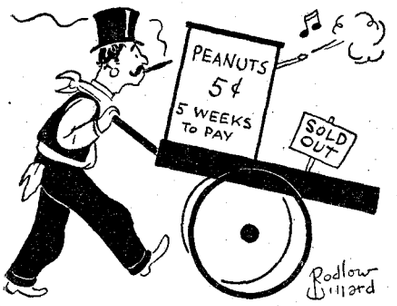
omy, as running counter to praiseworthy avoidance of debt, and as mortgaging future income. Its proponents, on the other hand, argued that it brought within the reach of people of limited incomes wants and luxuries they could not otherwise obtain. Such mass buying, they claimed, increased mass production, made for a higher living standard for all.



With the onslaught of depression, critics pointed to instalment debts as a contributing, if not a major, cause of the progressive business collapse. People who had bought "on time" prior to the panic were long afterward paying for those goods out of reduced incomes, were thus kept from entering the market and making additional purchases. Defenders of the instalment plan scoffed at this, pointed to the acid test that it had withstood the depression in that people continued to buy on time, thus stimulating the recovery movement.

Beginning about 1933, however, instalment terms were relaxed to enable the public to buy on time even more easily with their reduced incomes. Down payments were reduced, in a few cases eliminated. Due to the plethora of easy money, carrying charges were reduced. For many articles, the time of repayment was lengthened from twelve months to eighteen, sometimes to twenty-four.

And as instalment terms were relaxed, retailers of "soft" goods (i.e., clothing) began to use the instalment plan to sell their merchandise. Many banks, too, seeking an outlet for their funds, began to finance instalment purchases. Even the Government, up to April of this year, fostered instalment selling to the tune of more than $500,000,000 through the Federal Housing Administration, which encouraged people to buy oil burners, refrigerators, and other home equipment (as well as to finance home modernization) on a time payment basis.

By the end of 1936 instalment sales jumped back to $4,500,000,000—25 percent better than the 1935 total of $3,600,000,000. In volume this was still 30 percent under the 1929 peak. In percentage, however, instalment sales almost attained the level of glamorous 1929: 12.3 percent of all retail sales last year, compared with 13.3 percent in 1929.

TODAY, installment sales cover everything from refrigerators, radios and rugs, to permanent waves, steamship cruises, and doctors' bills. Automobiles, however, still account for ***more than half*** of all instalment selling. Six out of every ten cars sold are bought on time. Seventy percent of all automobile financing is carried on by Commercial Investment Trust Corporation, Commercial Credit Company, and General Motors Acceptance Corporation.

Currently, automobile finance companies are tightening up on credit terms. Hereafter, down payments on new cars (and used cars up to two years old) will be 33⅓ percent, the balance payable within eighteen months. On older cars, down payments will be 40 percent, the balance payable within a year.

What worries credit men is not the fact that instalment selling is increasing, but that instalment selling of "soft" goods is greatly increasing. Instalment sales of automobiles, for instance, increased 25.7 percent in 1936 over 1935. But instalment sales of automobile tires and accessories increased 41.4 percent, of women's specialty shops, 44.8 percent, of men's clothing, 21.9 percent. These soft goods, which cannot be repossessed and made resalable when once sold and are, for the greater part, entirely consumed while being paid for, form the sore spot of instalment financing. So credit men believe.

Rubber in demand

TWENTY-FIVE million automobiles, with tires constantly wearing out and requiring replacement, make Americans more interested in rubber than in any other foreign-grown product. At the moment there is a peculiar price situation in this commodity, largely dependent on the efficacy with which the present rubber restriction scheme works.

When the Stevenson plan was inaugurated in the early 1920s, rubber ran up to $1.21 per pound, and later collapsed. During the depression it went below 4 cents. Failure of that Stevenson scheme was due to lack of coöperation by Dutch interests.

In the present control operation, the Dutch have worked with the British. As a result, rubber ***prices have moved gradually upward,*** with the figure early in the current year crossing 27 cents per pound.

While this level was being attained, production quotas were gradually increased and more rubber was released, as is provided in the restriction plan. The quota was raised to 77½ percent of basic production, which had been placed at 1,298,500 tons. Effective July 1, the quota was raised to 90 percent, which would be at the rate of a little more than 94,000 tons per month, or 1,132,000 tons per annum.

Meantime rubber consumption has been expanding all over the world, and is now at the rate of about 1,150,000 tons, with estimates for 1938 running as high as 1,300,000 tons.

This might look like even balance (although suggesting the continuance of a tight position), but there appears to be a question as to whether the Far East can produce as much as 90 percent of the theoretical basis. Shipments from the Dutch East Indies have recently equalled the 77½ percent quota, although the British have fallen behind. It is argued, however, that this jump in shipments has been stimulated by an attempt to anticipate an increase in ocean freight rates effective August 1, and that it does not reflect actual productive capacity.

Consequently, British and some American rubber authorities believe that, on account of the difficulty of meeting enlarged quotas and the increase in world consumption, rubber prices are likely to remain steady and probably work higher before the end of the calendar year.

SCIENCE & MEDICINE

A GREAT HEART'S lusty, apparently tireless rhythm, battered sixty-five years, races to its most ambitious fight. But unwise overstrain meets swift dispensation. Rhythm bursts in spasm, final, mortal. A few ounces of muscle have ceased to throb. A nation's destiny swerves.

"Out of this disaster may come a warning which will fend off other disasters," hopes Senator Copeland, sole physician-senator. "The menace is here in the chamber today."

The ***menace of heart disease*** is by far the hugest—of all diseases of all time—is, too, speedily waxing. Still, strangely, we are to rejoice.

Today, more than 2,000,000, perhaps 5,000,000, people in the United States have heart disease. Of every five white males now living, one will die of this malady. For white females the rate is slightly higher; for Negroes much higher. With advancing age the incidence increases: under present conditions, the hearts of 25 percent of females at age 45, and 25 percent of males at age 50, will fail lethally. Chances of dying from cardiac failure exceed those from cancer and tuberculosis combined. Our cardiac death-rate has more than doubled since 1900, and is likely to double again. Why?

Afflictions of the heart and blood vessels take their maximum toll in the older age groups: the peak of the mortality curve is at ages 70 to 74. And the population is aging. The number of people past 45 has increased 100 percent since 1900; the number under 45 has increased only 60 percent. In a major way, medical science has postponed death, has snatched millions from the morbidity of tuberculosis, typhoid, diphtheria, other childhood infections.

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Natural senescence is degeneration—of the vital heart: no less, no more than of the less vital eye, ear, skin. The waxing mortality from heart ills is more apparent than real, expresses the fact that one must die sometime. We can be glad for the added years in which the heart may age.

Indeed, cardiac-disease mortality at the younger ages has been reduced. Within a decade the rate for ages under 5 has tumbled a third; for ages 5 to 9, more than a quarter; for ages 10 to 19, a quarter; for ages 20 to 29, 5 percent. (But, *for all ages together,* the incidence has ascended more than a third: there are many more older persons, and some 2½ percent of the whole population suffer heart condition.)

Main causes of heart ills are rheumatic fever (scourge of temperate climate), arterio-sclerosis (hardening arteries), hypertension (high blood pressure), syphilis, immoderation (overstrain, such as late Senate-leader Robinson's), senescence.

Main project of promoters of public health is to lessen the influence of rheumatic fever, syphilis and nocuous modes of life—major factors susceptible to practical measures.

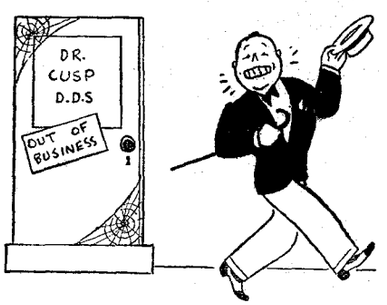
Chief new hunt of the medical researcher is to probe the momentous discovery of the kidney's role in inducing high blood pressure. Biochemists are keenly hounding a toxin now rumored to ooze into the body from malfunctioning kidneys. Such poison ooze is suspect as cause of hypertension, still mysterious.

Against senescence, what? Save dreams, nothing.

Dentistry advancing

FIFTEEN THOUSAND dentists of the American Dental Association, in Atlantic City for their annual convention, hear facts, warnings, theories; see exhibits.

Facts: (1) There is, as a rule, "no difference between toothpowders and pastes." (2) Seventy percent of the population



does not receive dental care, this problem crying out for consideration.

Warnings: (1) Beware of pyorrhea cures which contain sulfuric acid, pumice, tar. (2) Indiscriminate tooth-pulling smacks of a faddish cure-all; often causes infection in the cavity instead of clearing up hidden sources of poison, pain.

Theories: (1) Rhythmic body-growth and calcium-deposit (in teeth, bones) make rings in teeth, like growth-rings of trees. (2) The chemical regulators from glands hold the still-baffling secret of dental decay, especially in youth.

Exhibit: Living rats showing tooth-decay due to 7-weeks' injection of chemical regulators from the pituitary gland (in base of brain).

Technological telescope

"THE FIRST major attempt to show the kinds of new inventions which may affect living and working conditions in America in the next ten to twenty-five years." So explains the President's National Resources Committee as it presents a three-year labor: a 450,000-word report on "Technological Trends and National Policy, Including the Social Implications of New Inventions."

"This report," avers the President, "holds out the hope that we can anticipate some of the effects of major inventions and make plans to meet new situations that will arise as these inventions come into widespread use."

Inventions indicated to need especial watching: photo-electric cell ("electric eye"); mechanical cotton-picker; air conditioning; prefabricated houses; trailers; plastics (competing with hard rubber, shellac, gums, wood, light metals), synthetic rubber; artificial cotton; steep-flight planes; tray agriculture (water-culture of crops); gasoline from coal; television.

Chief defect of the report: Human needs are not considered.

Chief values: (1) First major attempt. (2) Emphasizes the difficulty of constructing a technological telescope.

SPORTS

THE MOST expensive of all sporting events starts off Newport, R. I., on Saturday of this week. It will be the sixteenth series of races since 1851 for the America's Cup, most cherished of all trophies, emblematic of the yachting championship of the seas.

Thomas O. M. Sopwith, British aeroplane builder, will pit his second *Endeavour* against Harold S. Vanderbilt's new *Ranger,* which had been unbeaten in her trials against the older yachts *Yankee* and *Rainbow.*

During eighty-six years elapsed since the schooner yacht *America* defeated a sizeable fleet of British craft off the Isle of Wight, England, and brought the 100 Guinea Cup to this country, untold millions have been spent in the quest for and defense of that homely old mug.

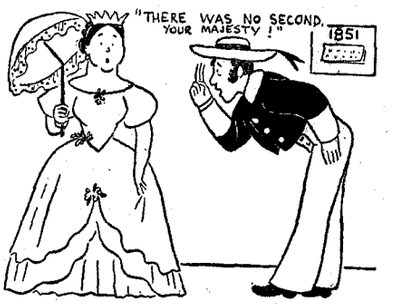
These attempts to "lift the cup" call for vast expenditures of money, and it is probable that Sopwith will have spent more than ***a million dollars*** before the series ends. And it is his second attempt to take the trophy back across the Atlantic. Lipton got his money back by selling more tea, but Sopwith can hardly sell more planes by sailing yachts.

In addition to *Endeavour II* Sopwith had the first *Endeavour* brought over here, with the motor yacht *Viva* and a Belgian trawler to convoy them. Later his new power yacht *Philante* joined the flotilla.

Crews of from 30 to 35 man the big single-stickers, their salaries and upkeep costing plenty. The trousseau of one of these exclusive ladies of the sea comes high, too, with $50,000 as a reasonable price for a set of sails.

Lofty, sky-piercing masts made of special metals are as expensive as they are tall, ranging in price from $20,000 to $35,000. *Endeavour* lost two last year and *Yankee* one while racing in British waters. *Ranger* lost one this year.

Harold S. Vanderbilt and his family will, in all probability, have to meet bills totalling between $400,000 and $500,000 for designing, building, equipping, and racing the *Ranger.* Her new parachute spinnaker alone has an area of approximately 17,000 square feet, while the complete sail area of the old *Reliance* (greater



than any other of the early Cup defenders) was only 16,160 square feet. It takes only one stiff, unexpected puff to annihilate one of these gossamerlike spreads. Thousands of dollars goes with it.

If you think it wrong to lavish vast expenditure on building and racing Cup yachts, remember that it represents just so much money put into circulation—into the pockets of worthy mechanics and sailors—that otherwise might remain in the coffers of the sportsmen who make such contests possible.

Popular polo

THIRTEEN teams battle for the Meadow Brook championship on Long Island. Thus does polo prove its popularity for the players themselves; and attendance of

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close to 10,000 fans—***more than half of them women***—proves its popularity as a sport to watch.

Polo is an open game. It is easy to follow the ball. More important, however, someone has learned how to sell the game to the public, and a new mass-attendance sport is here. If you fail to recognize your favorite players by build or by carriage on their ponies, the numbers on their jerseys now help. If you still fail to see all the high spots, an expert broadcasts an accurate play-by-play description, and a lively scoreboard tells all.

"Pete" Bostwick deserves the most credit. He throws open, each Sunday, his private field, on Long Island's Main Street, and welcomes both *elite* and *hoi polloi* to watch a fascinating game, played by the country's best poloists, for fifty cents. Nearby are various Meadow Brook fields and Army's own field. Young players are coming along fast.

• •

LAKE PLACID in New York goes in for summer ice skating in a big way. Its famous Olympic Arena stages not merely a six-weeks program for the public but also a "dance conference" (beginning July 31) and a school for dance judges. Climaxing all is a figure-skating operetta during the first week of August. Why wait till winter for winter sports?

PEOPLE

THE PRINCIPAL products of Paducah, Ky., are dark tobacco, corn, pork, iron ore, Irvin S. Cobb, and Senator ***Alben William Barkley,*** Democrat, whose voice has been heard in the Senate since 1927. It might have been heard there, in fact, if the Senator had never left Paducah; no hog-caller's voice has greater breadth, depth, and carrying power. Suitable instrument for a keynoter—Senator Barkley delivered the keynote speech at the Democratic national convention in

Chicago in 1932 and again, by presidential request, in Philadelphia in 1936. Scorning fluent-fingered ghost writers, the Senator bats out his speeches himself on a typewriter built for heavy weather. Then, perspiring and gesticulating, he booms them. Convention delegates at Philadelphia shivered with delight as he roared at Republican administrations for permitting a "putrid pestilence of financial debauchery."

He is a rugged individual, if not a rugged individualist, with heavy features and a chest like a keg. Life has been real and earnest with him, and he tends to take it seriously. A native of Kentucky he plugged his way through college and law school by main strength, as janitor, waiter, anything. A few years as prosecuting attorney, a few more as county judge, several as Congressman, and he was ready for the Senate. Off and on through the past few years, and steadily during the present session of Congress, he acted as assistant to the late Joseph T. Robinson, Democratic leader of the upper house.

In politics, he is as regular as a metronome, supporting his party leader, Mr. Roosevelt, early, late, and between times. Robinson revolted on the relief bill, but not Barkley. There is, of course, that time when Senator Barkley helped to override the President's veto of a bill to benefit World War veterans. But benefits being benefits, and veterans veterans, and votes votes—oh well, you know how it is.

• •

INDICATIONS given by Myron Charles Taylor that he may retire as board chairman of United States Steel Corporation within the year brings into focus a tall, broad shouldered, husky young man of thirty-six with prematurely gray hair.

Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., chairman of the finance committee of the Steel Corporation, is second in line to Myron Taylor; if named as Taylor's successor, he would be the youngest executive ever to direct the fortunes of Big Steel.

Dynamic is the word for "Ed." He is aggressive, forceful, direct and a convincing speaker, whose "What do you think?" phrase is typical of his inquiring mind. His dad was the late Morgan partner and former Assistant Secretary of War, who, while with Morgan, directed the purchase of $5,000,000 worth of munitions for the Allies during the War.

When Stettinius graduated from the University of Virginia in 1924, he was a rich man's son with a flair for figures and an avidness for work. Work he did, as a mechanic's helper in the Hyatt Roller Bearing division of General Motors. Two years later he became assistant to John L. Pratt, General Motors' vice president in charge of accessory divisions.

In 1930, Alfred P. Sloan (then president of General Motors, now chairman) took him under his wing, first made him his assistant, a year later vice president in charge of industrial and public relations of G. M.

Pursuing its policy of infusing young blood into its veins, U. S. Steel beckoned to Stettinius in 1934 and he went over to their green-carpeted offices on the seventeenth floor of 71 Broadway, New York, to become vice chairman of its all-important finance committee.

• •

ON THE polo fields of Long Island ***Thomas Hitchcock, Jr.,*** now 37 years old, still swings the same effective mallet that brought him repute years ago as the world's greatest polo player.

Hitchcock's experience on a horse began in Aiken, S. C., when he still wore rompers. His father was a polo player on the first U. S. international team (1886), his mother ruler of the swank and horsey world in Aiken and sponsor of the "Old Aiken" polo team that will go down in history as a major factor in bringing recognition to the game in this country.

Tommy was educated at Harvard until the war came. In the Lafayette Escadrille he traded pot shots with three German planes, was hit, dropped behind the German lines, was taken prisoner. On a train he stole his own wallet and a road map from a sleeping guard, leaped from the train, and gained safety in Switzerland.

Returning to America, Hitchcock tied up with Jimmy Durante. They sang at the Dover Club in New York. He took boxing lessons from Joe Fitton, former prizefighter, and began playing polo again. In 1922 he received the ten-goal handicap rating (the highest there is) and has maintained it ever since with the exception of one year—1935.

Today Hitchcock is a bond broker in the new-business department of Lehman Brothers, bankers. His ten-goal rating is matched only by that of Stewart Iglehart, whose honors are new.

Obituary

Jack Curley, sports and amusement promoter, 61, July 12.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton Rice, philanthropist, 69, July 13.

Rev. Thomas J. McCluskey, former president of Fordham University, N. Y., 79, July 13.

Joseph T. Robinson, United States Senator from Arkansas since 1913, and Democratic floor leader, 64, July 14.

Julius L. Meier, former Governor of Oregon, 62, July 14.

Dr. Walter Simons, former German Supreme Court Justice, 75, July 15.

H. Parker Willis, co-author of the Federal Reserve Act, professor of banking at Columbia since 1917, 62, July 18.

Guglielmo Marconi, Italian inventor of wireless, 63, July 19.

George S. Parker, fountain-pen maker and originator of many improvements, 73, July 19.

Winfield Scott Liggett, army officer who became a bridge expert, 55, July 19.

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CRUSADER

Clara Barton, Florence Nightingale of America

BRADY PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT 1911
BY REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORP.

HIS RIGHT ARM mangled, a boy not long out of school lay on a darkening Virginia battlefield. If he had any hopes of survival, they were that the enemy stretcher-bearers might find him; then, if he lived that long, he would meet the surgeon's knife dripping bacterial filth. After that, if he escaped gangrene, he would be transferred to a Confederate prison camp, there to battle typhoid, typhus, pneumonia and tuberculosis. As he lay on the field of agony, the best he could hope to see was the old yellow hospital flag coming, with its associations of quarantine and death. For in 1862 no one had yet looked upon the blood-bright emblem of the Red Cross.

A woman's face appeared above him, a human angel with dark compassionate eyes, tender mouth and hands like his mother's. Save his own mother there was no person in the world he would have been so glad to see. For he recognized his old teacher, Miss Barton, Clara Barton of the low, sweet voice,

Nurses of the Civil War

Founder of the American Red Cross

who by sheer comradeship had conquered the hobbledehoy toughs taller than she. Clara Barton, whom everybody loved.

With a sob the boy flung his left arm around her neck, and buried his face in the cloak of the pitying woman. "Do you know me?" he cried. "I am Charley Hamilton, who used to carry your satchel home from school!" Charley's right arm, she saw, would never carry a satchel again. At her call, stretcher-bearers came for Charley. Across the field, a surgeon's lantern wavered toward them.

So this little woman—she was scarcely more than five feet tall, 40 years of age, slender, nervous, almost morbidly responsive to suffering—daily and hourly met the man-made agonies of war. In Civil War times, no mere lady even dreamed of nursing at the front; husband-hunting ninnies were turned back every day. The army nurses seldom left the base hospitals, where only a small fraction of the wounded ever arrived.

Clara Barton, the future founder of the American Red Cross, went out on the field. She belonged to no organization, had no official standing, and reached the desperately wounded only by battling for passes and against the preoccupied resistance of generals, surgeons, the Sanitary Commission, quartermasters and supply-train drivers. She was simply a compassionate woman who, sometimes assisted by a few other women, sometimes hindered by her friends, fought the pitched battle of Mercy against Mars.

Clara Barton was born in 1821, on Christmas Day. To me it seems that she was one of the few persons in the history of the human race not miserably unworthy of the comparison which that anniversary invites. Born on a farm near Oxford, Massachusetts, of a line of patriots and soldiers, she had the Puritan conscience, free of the fanatic's belief that he is appointed to tell others what is right. She applied her conscience to herself; others it was her duty only to comfort and sustain. Precocious, studious, shyer of a great audience than of shot and shell, she had luckily been brought up by her big brothers, who taught her to ride any horse with any saddle, to play ball, to stick to her decisions. She had admirers, but no suitors whom she took very seriously. In spite of her intense femininity, she was no clinging vine. Her face was lit by knowing humor; she had too much will and intellect for most men.

From her father, an old Indian-fighter, she had gained an ex-

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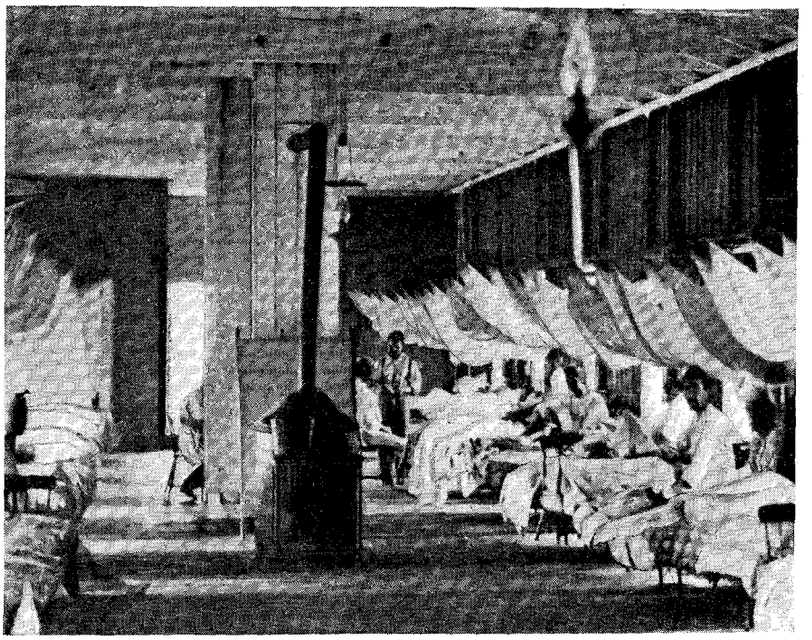

Shacks such as this, at Harewood Hospital, held Civil War wounded

ceptional mastery of military affairs. She knew a major from a colonel, she remembered regiments by their numbers, listened without a blush to the blue swearing of army muleteers beside her on the wagon trains. Unlike most women in war-time, she never considered herself an exception to military orders; she went where she was told, and troubled to obtain the right sort of passport. Military men quickly came to perceive all this; regiments recognized her, and cheered her as she trudged past them in the rain, going up to the front with bandages, fruits, jellies, messages from home.

In the early days of the Civil War, Clara Barton, then a clerk in the Patent Office at the capital, had started to visit wounded men in the hospitals, cheering them up, writing letters for them, reading home-town newspapers to them. After the first Battle of Bull Run, she began to realize that every hour elapsing between a wound and arrival at a base hospital increases in geometrical ratio the likelihood of death. Men who might have been saved if their forces had been rallied at the start were hopeless cases before they reached the operating table. She saw men who had been waiting so long in the stretcher queues that their feet had rotted off from gangrene. She decided her work of mercy was needed most right on the battlegrounds where the wounded lay neglected.

Behind her, Clara Barton had at first only two slim organizations—a group of women in Worcester, and another in Bordentown, N. J. (where she had once started a school for neglected gutter-snipes, against the disdainful opposition of the select private institutions). Before she went into the battlefields, she journeyed through New England, organizing, assuring herself of supplies. She used her own money without thought. For herself, her life long, she spent practically nothing, like a nun.

Surgeons sometimes opposed her. Regulation army nurses often looked coldly upon her. But Clara Barton knew that Ladies' Aid Societies at home were not enough; nor was the Sanitary Commission, and by sheer force of accomplishment slowly she won her way. There was one night when a doctor, shaking with fatigue, stared savagely at his last guttering candle, with a thousand wounded men needing attention. Through the darkness, a small cloaked figure came toward him, behind her a man bearing a whole chest of candles. When the anesthetics gave out, Clara Barton was there with stimulants.

In spite of official opposition, she made army friends who helped her; they would tell her when a big battle was coming on. "Follow the cannon" was her motto. And when the soldiers saw her, they joked, "Here comes the stormy petrel!"

At Fredericksburg, with the regular soldiers, she crossed the Rappahannock under murderous fire, and a bullet tore away a part of her dress. At Antietam, a man to whom she was giving a drink was shot dead in her arms; the bullet went through her sleeve. It was a rent she never mended. After the Battle of the Wilderness, appalled by conditions among the soldiers, she rode into Washington, obtained action to get the wounded into the proud reluctant mansions of Fredericksburg, and forced an investigation of the incompetence of the Federal officers in command of the city.

She never met the only other soul in Washington with a heart as great as hers —Abraham Lincoln. She was twice in his anteroom, but once state business, and another time Stanton, took precedence over her. But Lincoln was aware of her, and initiated the movement that President Johnson finished—to make Clara Barton official historian of missing men, the returning prisoners and the thousands of Unknown Soldiers with which the battlefields were strewn. Armed with these credentials, Clara Barton went south as soon as the war was over, to Andersonville, hellhole of prison camps. Here with the aid of a secret list compiled by a Federal prisoner, she marked hundreds of graves of those who had sickened, died, and been tossed into the arms of mother earth by callous jailers. She set up a correspondence bureau to locate those re-

Convalescent camp at Alexandria

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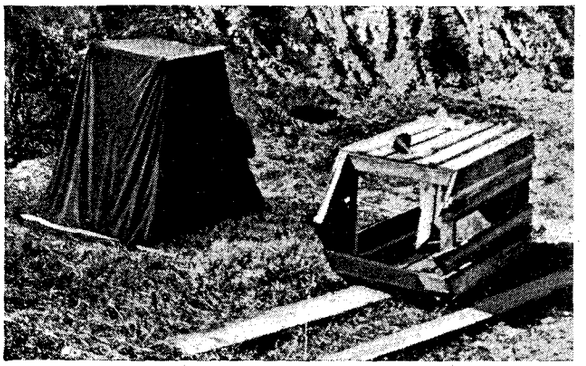

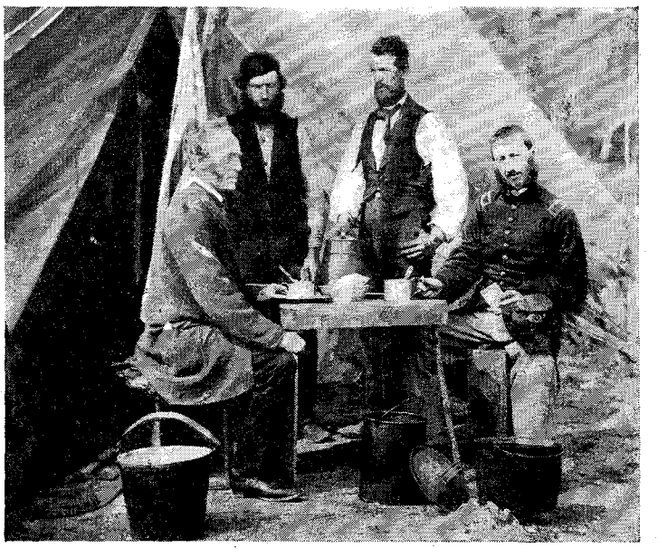

BEARDED MATHEW BRADY, photographer of the Civil War, was premier cameraman of his time. His wet plates had to be finished in the field, minutes after exposure. Lincoln backed his extraordinary project, a photographic chronicle of the war, unequalled in modern times. Above, his improvised dark room; right, his laboratory

ported missing and to get news to anxious families.

There was peace now in tortured Virginia. The tears of war were dried, and the scars would heal. Surely any woman might have rested content that she had done enough for humanity. But a great, unformulated dream was astir in Clara Barton's heart. She had no presentiment that across the sea the implement she needed was already being forged to her hand. In 1864 the International Red Cross had been founded at Geneva, the outgrowth of Henri Dunant's humanitarian vision. Every civilized nation except China, Mexico and the United States had already joined, agreeing to respect its neutrality. America had rejected the proposal, as opposed to the Monroe Doctrine. The people of this country, even the press, were practically in ignorance of the existence of the Red Cross. So was Miss Barton when she journeyed to Europe.

She was weary to prostration. The war had ravaged her nervous system; upon the lecture platform, her voice died in her throat. So it was in search of peace and rest that she crossed the ocean.

But her fame had gone before her. In Geneva, a committee called to tell about an organization to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded in wartime. Clara Barton was electrified with interest. She pledged herself to work for American signature to the treaty.

And suddenly the Franco-Prussian War broke. Upon the very borders of her Swiss haven, Clara Barton, with some Swiss friends, immediately went to work.

She saw the bombardments of Strasbourg. She was swept into the German lines and worked for the German wounded. She stayed in Paris after the siege to relieve the battered population. Impartial, compassionate, she returned to Strasbourg and set about the business of reconstruction. With money from friends at home, and from Grand Duchess Louise of Baden, she founded a system of charity that the International Red Cross had not previsioned. She did not believe in doles; she saw that the continued giving of even clothes and food would injure local business and retard recovery. Instead, she "made" work. She bought cloth, and paid women and girls to make garments. Men came to her improvised workshop to mend broken objects, according to their skills. When she saw normal recovery shaping itself, she had the wisdom to withdraw, leaving the remaining task to be accomplished by the sufferers' own initiative.

Grand Duchess Louise decorated her. Paris gave her thanks. More torn in nerves than ever, more spent in strength, Clara Barton sailed home, to begin the long, weary battle for the recognition of an American Red Cross.

Presidents and congresses came and went; her cause was treated with polite frigidity. But Garfield heard her, and on a momentous day in 1881, James G. Blaine laid in her reverent hands the text of the treaty binding America to observe the neutrality of the international mercy organization. Now at last the American

(*Continued on page* 30)

Relief supplies from Michigan

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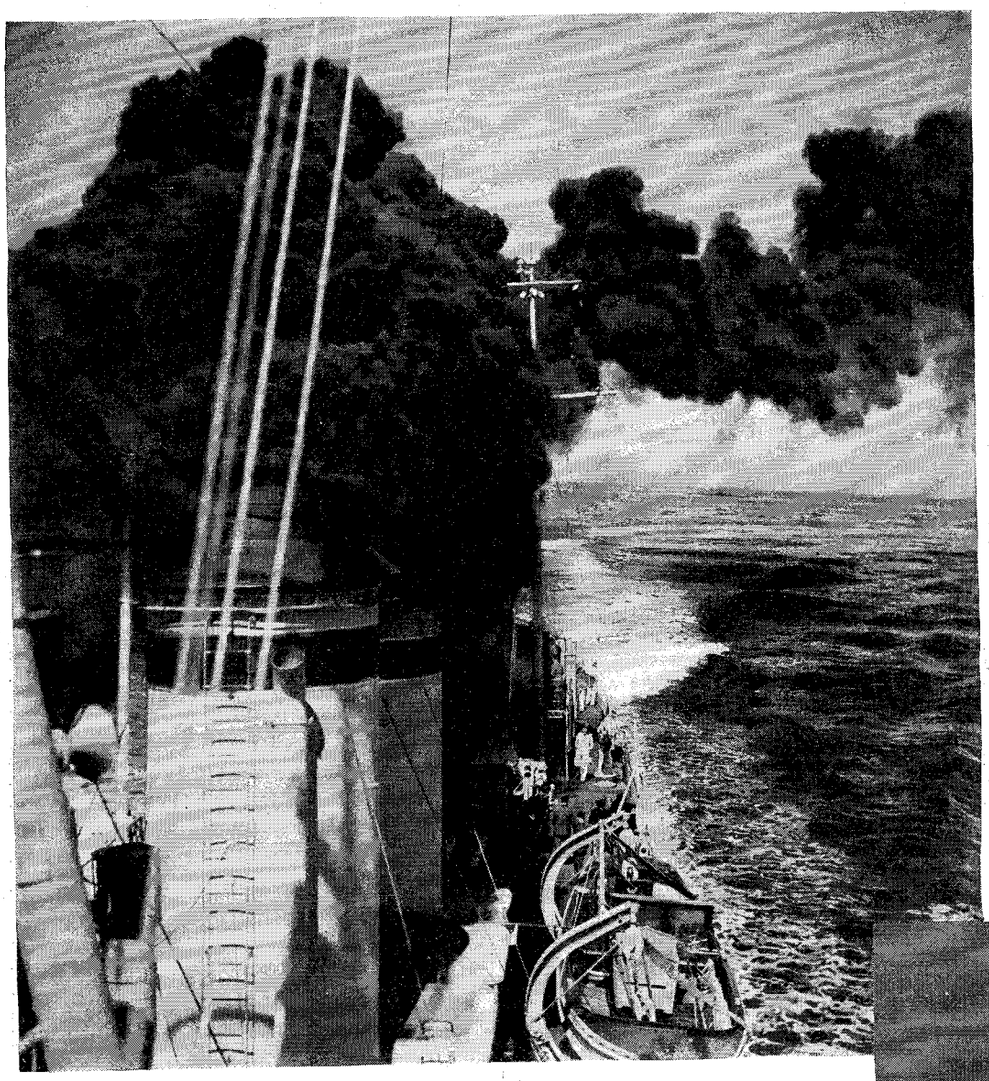

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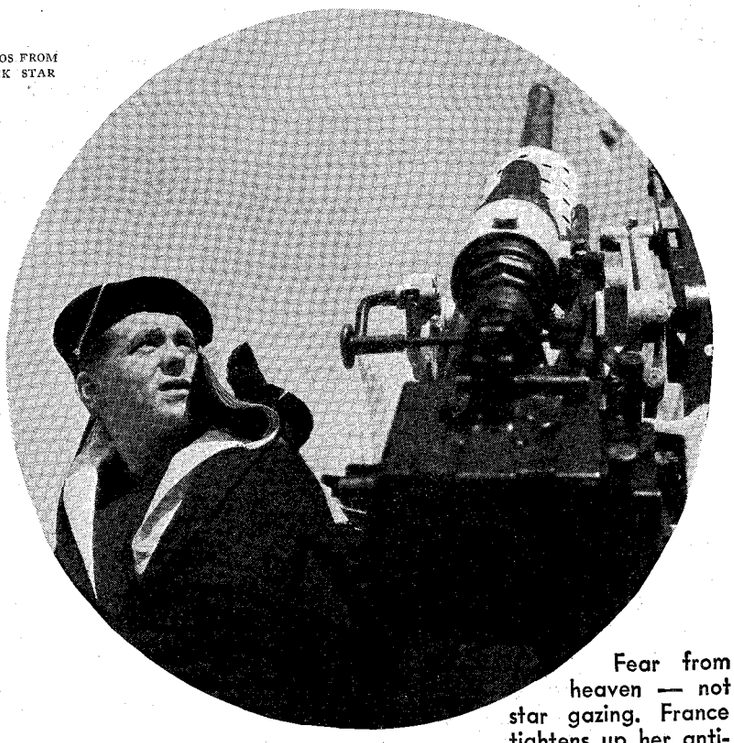
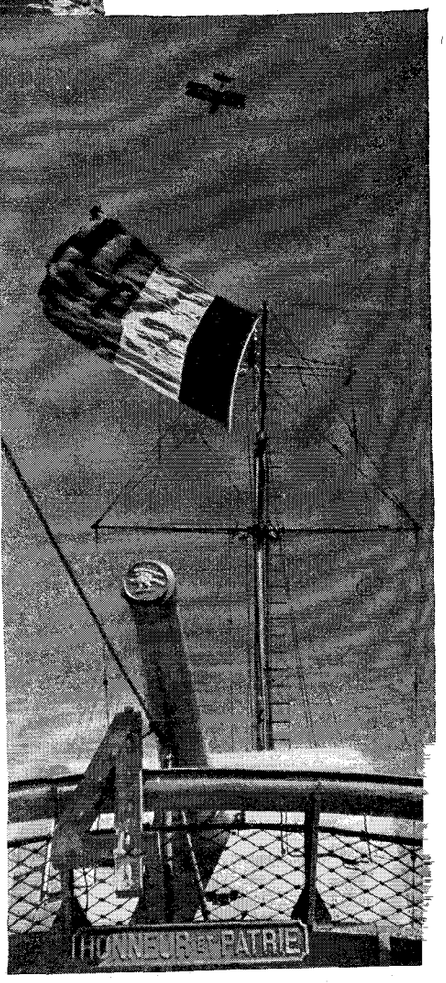


Fear from heaven — not star gazing. France tightens up her anti-aircraft defense



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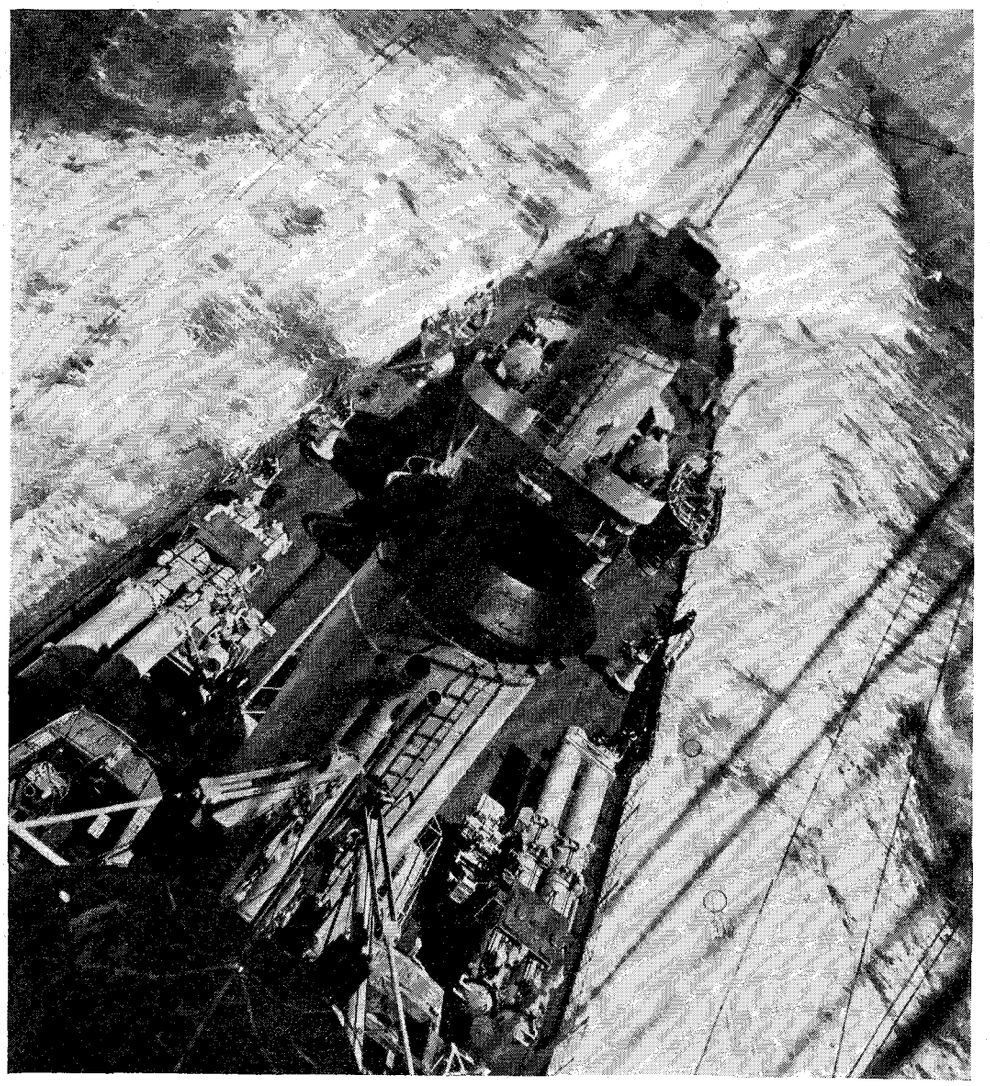
...navy

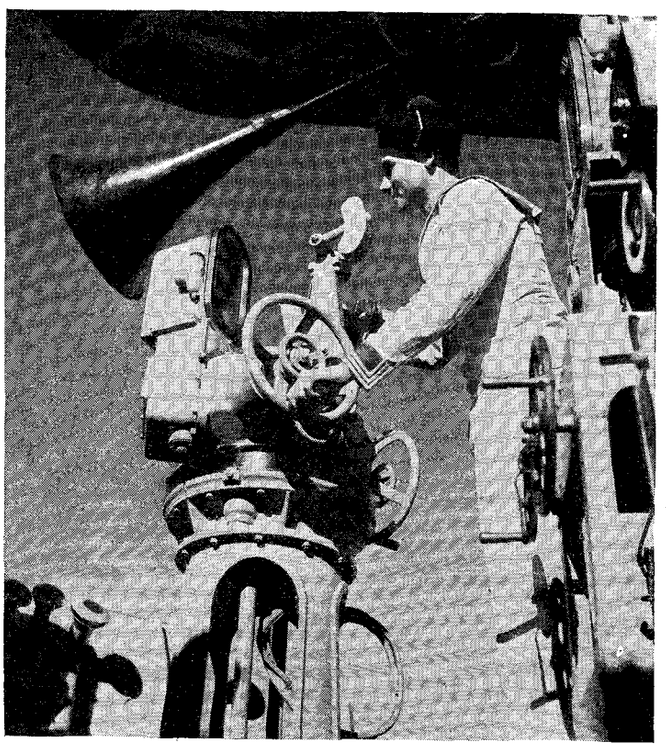


A LOT OF WATER has broken over the bows of the French navy since the first French fleet set sail for the Crusades in 1249. Modern warships have replaced medieval galleys. France's navy now steams in Atlantic, Mediterranean and Far Eastern waters. Its 66,087 officers and men protect possessions as far distant as Madagascar off east Africa to Tahiti in the Pacific.

In the current naval race, France will not be left in the ruck. She can hold her own against Italy, possibly hit a bit harder. Her answer to Mussolini's challenge is four new battleships, a third Mediterranean naval base, and a 30 per cent. rise in her naval budget. France is determined to keep her vital sea routes to north Africa open.

French diplomacy is backed up by 13 battleships, 22 cruisers, 88 destroyers, 93 excellent submarines, and a swarm of mosquito-like auxiliary craft. The fleet aviation branch is weak, however. France has only one aeroplane carrier, one aircraft transport, and plans no new ones.

Such a fleet is mainly defensive. Not since Trafalgar, in 1805, have Frenchmen dreamed of challenging England on the waves. Previously the French fleet had helped us win independence from England. Later, in 1798, France and America fought a believe-it-or-not war. War was never formally declared, yet Washington became commander-in-chief of the army, and the new American navy's first prizes of war were 80 French merchantmen and one warship. In 1918 we were allies again. Today: friends, striving for peace, but ready to defend themselves against aggression.



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PRO

Favoring curtailment of the power of the Supreme Court

THE CANDID citizen must confess that if the policy of the government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made in ordinary litigation between parties in personal actions, the people would have ceased to be their own ruler, having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal.

—Abraham Lincoln

WILL THE replacement of nine old men with nine young men permanently remedy the condition which permits such a situation to exist as we face to-day, i.e., a handful of men having the power of veto over the unmistakably expressed will of a nation? Is this, in truth, a democracy, when we have nine men appointed by a repudiated administration, able to block the legislation for which a nation is clamoring?

The judiciary should confine itself to judging the application of laws to particular cases—not vetoing what a popularly elected body decides is the law of the land.

—J. T. Joyce in *Commonweal*

IT IS MANIFESTLY evident that a people are not self-governing unless they enjoy the unquestioned power to determine the form and substance of the laws which shall govern them. Self-government cannot adequately function if there exists within the nation a superior power or authority which can finally determine what legislation enacted by the people, or their duly elected representatives, shall be placed upon the statute books and what shall be declared null and void.

An insuperable obstacle to self-government in the United States exists in the power which has been gradually assumed by the Supreme Court's tribunal in its action against legislation of federal and state governments, to declare such legislation null and void upon the ground that, in the court's opinion, it is unconstitutional.

It is essential that the people, acting directly or through Congress or state legislatures, should have final authority in determining which laws shall be enacted. Adequate steps must be taken, therefore, which will provide that in the event of a Supreme Court declaring an act of Congress or a state legislature unconstitutional, the people, acting directly or through Congress or a state legislature, should re-enact the measure; it should then become the law without becoming subject to annulment by any court.

—*The American Federationist*

OF THE two changes possible, specific amendment of the Constitution to permit social legislation, and curtailment of the power of the Supreme Court, we prefer the latter. We believe that the Supreme Court should be divested of all veto power, excepting over state legislation found to be in conflict with national laws.

Specific amendment of the Constitution, we admit, is the more "American" way. Ours has been a government of checks and balances, and now that we find we cannot check and balance the dominion of business, we can fit the Constitution to do so. But a reason against this is the cumbersome process of amendment. If it needs to be done each time a crisis arises in the country, the danger period is unduly prolonged. A surer method would be to vest Congress for all time with the power to legislate nationally without a court veto. We admit that if there were a prospect of being able to rewrite the Constitution to give us an up-to-date system of national taxation, education, and social legislation we should welcome it. But we believe it would be impossible today or in the near future. And we prefer to see the problem met by giving Congress a power equal to that of the British House of Commons.

The argument against this is that a fascist movement, having conquered Congress, could override the Constitution in short order. A fascist movement, we must point out, will choose to be constitutional, like Hitler's, if it is convenient, but it will not be restrained by any constitution. Fascism is revolutionary, and revolutions are not deterred by constitutions. Safety against fascism is not in statutes but in just economic order.

—*The Nation*

IT IS NOT prestige, nor is it pique, that explains Mr. Roosevelt's determination to see the Supreme Court issue through. It is vital necessity. The reforms enacted by the New Deal face a dubious future if their enforcement and interpretation must be left to Old Deal majorities on the Supreme Court. The lessons of the past teach us how easily a reactionary Court can nullify, hamstring or pervert legislation.

The ingenuity, daring and willfulness exhibited by the courts in the protection of corporate privilege and in the discovery of new weapons of attack against human rights and labor explain why the unions are "court shy," fearful that even the most reasonable and fair regulations may be turned into shackles on legitimate union activities by the Supreme Court.

We hope that the Administration, undeterred by the agony chorus from the Tory press, will press the fight through to a conclusion. An Old Deal Court is an anomaly and a constant menace in a New Deal age. We do not want rubber stamps, political puppets or yes men on the federal courts. But we do want men whose outlook and understanding are broad enough and modern enough to give human rights at least as fair a hearing as property rights.

—*New York Post*

Sherman was right!—Louisville Times.

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Get busy and stir up that fire!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

TO SECURE adherence to ethical standards in the treatment by the majority of the minority and to the individual, the Constitution was adopted. It was no departure from the essence of popular government thus to lay down rules by which people in their ordinary elections and in the functions of their ordinary legislative and executive representatives were to be restricted. The power of ultimate control of all law, fundamental and temporary, was to be left to the people still, but it was to the people, calm and well-informed, dealing with general principles and not excited and possibly misled by the disturbing special circumstances of special cases.

It is reassuring to those of us, who value the Supreme Court of the United States as essential to the welfare of our people and the permanence of our government, to consider that several times in the nation's life the court has been bitterly attacked, and its function in restraining the legislative and executive branches of the government have been denounced, and proposals have been made to take away from it this so-called power of obstruction to the people's will, and yet that court still exercises its great and useful functions unimpaired.

Such attacks have generally been made when there was a strong, forceful man in political leadership, one commanding an earnest, enthusiastic following among the American people, who sympathized with him in denouncing the court's alleged obstruction to the people's will.

—William Howard Taft in *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*

IN THEIR arguments the proponents of the limitation of the power of the court assume that any legislative enactment is an expression of the will of the people. The number of Congresses that have been defeated for reëlection on their record would indicate that in a great number of cases their enactments were not an expression of the will of the people.

In fact, a legislative enactment is at best merely an expression of the temporary public policy, having the force of law, as compromised and agreed to by agents of the people. Indeed, thousands of statutes now on the books are daily violated or disregarded because they are not now or never have been expressions of the will of the people and cannot be reconciled with the necessities or liberties of the people as in their daily life the people interpret them.

On the other hand, the Constitution more accurately represents the will of the people. The American Revolution was a protest against the impositions of government. The framers of the Constitution had constantly before them the people's jealousy of the power of government. History and their own experiences had taught them that governments tend to increase their power over their citizens or subjects. The insistent care of the framers, therefore, was to devise an instrument setting forth the specific powers which the people did grant and limiting the government strictly to the exercise of those enumerated powers. But when the framers had done that, the people, through their state conventions, refused even then to accept the Constitution, without enumerating rights that the government was directly forbidden to infringe and further declaring that all rights not granted to the government were reserved to the people or states.

—From *Law and Labor*

SINCE THE foundation of the Republic, whenever Congress and the Court have clashed, impatient agitation has argued that the Supreme Court's authority over the constitutionality of acts of Congress ought to be abolished. Although the court has repudiated only 62 acts [as of March, 1936] out of 24,300 public laws since the beginning, each time there is a cry that Congress must be released from this court veto. In this layman's view, if any such movement ever succeeds it will be a sad day for popular government, and for the perpetuation of American liberties.

—Arthur H. Vandenberg

I WONDER if the people who are so eager for a constitutional amendment to forbid the Supreme Court's passing upon the constitutionality of laws passed by Congress realize that what they would actually be doing is to change the procedure for amending the Constitution, to make that function simply a matter of routine legislature for Congress.

When Congress passes a law in conflict with the Constitution, as it has done again and again under the regime of the New Deal, either the law must take precedence, or the Constitution. If a victim of the new law seeks justice, the courts, and upon final appeal the Supreme Court, must decide the case either on the basis of the new law or upon the basis of the Constitution. It cannot be decided both ways at once!

If the laws of Congress are to take precedence over the Constitution, as is being urged, then every new law passed which is not in agreement with the Constitution is virtually an amendment to the Constitution. In other words, all that would be needed to amend the Constitution would be to form a powerful bloc, the veterans or the Mid-West farmers, to persuade Congress, even more fearful for its reëlection than mindful of its oath of office, to pass a new law.

If the Constitution is to take precedence as hitherto, then the Supreme Court in deciding the case of a victim of the new law, simply cannot avoid taking into question the constitutionality of the new law. The Supreme Court is the final protection of the common citizen against ill-considered legislation or acts by other parts of the government.

—A. W. Lahee in *New York Herald Tribune*

CON

Opposed to essential change in authorities of the Court

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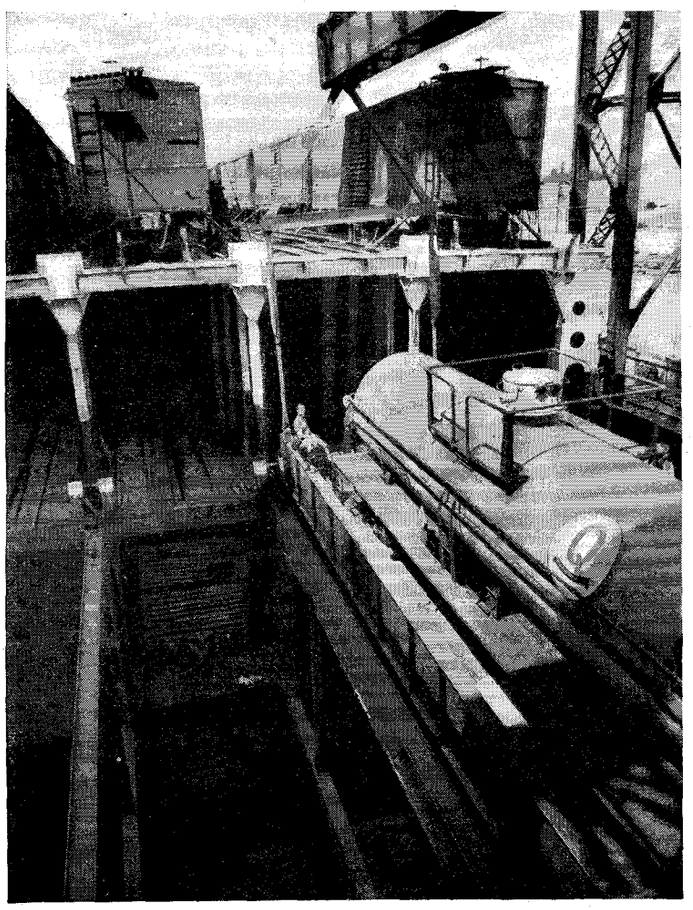
DIGEST PHOTO-FIRSTS FROM KEYSTONE

This versatile leviathan tucks whole freight trains in its capacious hold, and puts to sea with the ivory, apes and peacocks of industry. Prosperity's around the bend.



SEATRAIN

RAILROADS sometimes take to the water in a big way. Long trains of a hundred cars loaded with freight for Havana or New Orleans find it easier, and far less cumbersome, to board a Seatrain and plow their way southward through coastal waters.

Seatrains are nothing more than huge boats, 485 feet long with four sets of decks, each deck equipped with a maze of railroad track. Loaded freight cars are swung into the Seatrain hold and set on the tracks by gigantic overhead cranes. Then they are anchored in position and are ready to proceed on their voyage.

Two Seatrains alternately cover the route from Hoboken to Havana, thence to New Orleans and return. Each is capable of carrying 100 cars—a total of 6,000 tons of freight.

Advantages of this method of shipping are many. The owners like it because so little time is lost in making land and water connections. A complete Seatrain full of cars can be unloaded, and another set loaded, in a single day. Shippers like it because there is practically no handling of the freight itself. Cars are packed when they leave and stay packed until they arrive.

The first Seatrain was built in Europe for an American company, in the late 1920's. It carried its load of cars back and forth between New Orleans and Havana so successfully that two more boats were added in 1932, and the service extended to include freight from the northern part of the country, with Hoboken as the home port. The Seatrain future is bright; international hoboes may yet ride the bumpers on the seven seas.

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PROGRESS

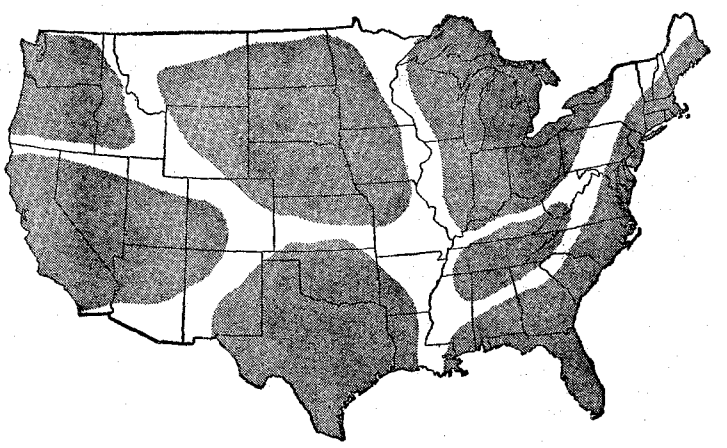
A regional plan for river reclamation and development

WITHIN A WEEK after the President sent to Congress his message advocating controlled development of our river systems, a bit of extempore testimony on the subject appeared in the strike news from Youngstown, Ohio. With the closing of the steel plants along the Mahoning River, that stream began to cleanse itself. Fish were descending from the clear headwaters, and Youngstown fishermen prepared once more to test their tackle right at home, after having left the foul and turbid Mahoning severely alone for a full generation.

This illustrates neatly not only the ruin wrought by pouring urban and industrial waste into rivers but also the speed with which our watercourses can be reclaimed to health and beauty once pollution ceases. Our river systems are part of the national treasure; heedlessly they have been poisoned and defaced. Yet a river is eternal, and, given half a chance, fights back toward a natural balance of decency. Even our most destructive streams would behave better if the forest cover of their watersheds had not been stripped away so ruthlessly. Such rivers take their revenge in time by washing away arable land and flooding cities at titanic cost.

The President's river plan proposes seven districts:

1. The Atlantic seaboard and part of the Gulf of Mexico.
2. The Great Lakes and the Ohio Valley.
3. The valleys of the Tennessee and Cumberland and other interior rivers of the Southeast.
4. The valleys of the Missouri, the Red River of the North, and the general Northwest.
5. The basins of the Arkansas, Red River of the South, and the Rio Grande.
6. The valley of the Colorado and all rivers reaching the Pacific south of the Oregon-California line.
7. The Pacific Northwest.



Areas included in the President's plan for reclaiming and developing waterways

Three of these proposed authorities are already at work for at least part of the territories involved—the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Columbia River Authority, and the Mississippi Commission. Formative years for the others would be devoted to studying the areas and "developing integrated plans to conserve and safeguard the prudent use of waters, waterways, soils, forests, and other resources."

Certain reservations are in order. The division of America's river map may be open to criticism. Are not the Ohio and its mountain-born tributaries more akin to the Tennessee and Cumberland than to the Great Lakes? Perhaps the vast sweep of the Atlantic seaboard should be broken at the Hudson, the Delaware Capes, or Chesapeake Bay. Also, the President's message overstresses power recovery, water transport, and irrigation possibilities. These are all parts of the massive problem and require consideration for the long future. But why strain in those directions while steam plants produce power from coal as cheaply as hydroelectric installations, while our railroads can still carry more freight, and while crop surpluses are reckoned dangers instead of blessings? More vital for the proximate future seem to be flood control, soil conservation, sewage disposal, public health, recreation, improved fisheries, recovery of values from present industrial wastes, and beautification of river frontages in cities.

Comprehensive improvement of waterways along these lines would be supremely worth doing during the next decline of business activity and private employment, in line with the warning recently given Britain by the economists of Oxford University. The task would absorb in prodigious amounts every kind of labor from the unskilled pick and shovel men to laboratory scientists wrestling with sewage disposal and the cure of industrial wastes. Chemists, engineers, foresters, landscapers, park and city planners, public health doctors, fish experts, insect controllers, all would be needed. Think of the steel and cement required for bridges, dams, and retaining walls; and the tremendous field opened to earth-moving machines. The assignment is so big that there would be no point in perpetuating hand labor where machines would serve better, a weakness in the present construction activities of WPA. The "face-lifting" operation on Flushing Bay and Riker's Island, hotly pushed in a race against time to provide a good setting for the coming World's Fair in New York, is a splendid example of man's new mastery over earth and water, which should be applied boldly on the national scale when the time comes to act.

It is perhaps too much to expect that an operation so tremendous can be consummated without waste, log-rolling, and pork-barrel politics. These are inevitable, too, in the piece-meal and ineffective system of river control which we have been following for more than a century. With a continuing program and assurance of tenure, there may be less of those indicated evils than under the haphazard methods of the past.

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Reading Around the World

Allergy and Its Victims

Dr. Robert A. Cooke in *Talks*

EVERY once in a while you hear of a baby that is poisoned by cow's milk—good, clean, pasteurized milk. It gets a violent stomach upset or breaks out in a rash. It just can't take cow's milk without getting sick. Or perhaps it's your neighbor's boy who gets a runny nose and whose chest gets tight when he comes to your house and plays with your pet cat.

In cases like these, the trouble isn't with the cow's milk or with your cat; the the trouble is with the baby and the boy. They don't do the usual normal thing. We say they are allergic to the thing that causes such an abnormal response; and the baby's stomach upset from milk and the boy's asthma from cat are allergies.

By the word allergy we mean to indicate a peculiar state of the body that makes it possible for ordinarily harmless substances to act in a very harmful way; and this is because, in certain people, the body cells have developed a function that is not normal. Medically, we speak of this mechanism as consisting of antibodies, but I think you will understand it better if I refer to them as magnets.

You know how a magnet attracts and holds iron. So it is with these so-called antibodies attached to certain body cells —they draw and hold certain substances to the cells.

In the baby allergic to cow's milk, its magnetized cells attract the milk; and the attachment of milk to the cells produces the curious effect resulting in the intestinal upset. In allergy, the magnets are very special ones. It may be that they won't attract goat's milk or even boiled milk—only plain cow's milk. And while it is true that many allergic individuals have only one set of magnets for one particular substance, most of the allergic individuals have different sets of magnets which attract several different things.

If it is the cells of the skin that are magnetized to some foods such as milk, then drinking milk will give symptoms in the skin such as hives or eczema. When the cells of the lining of the nose are magnetized for pollen of some sort, then when the pollen in the air in summer is breathed in we get symptoms called hay fever. Or, if it is the lining of the bronchial tubes that is magnetized—that is, allergic—then breathing the air containing the proper substance gives an attack called asthma.

I spoke of your neighbor's boy with your cat. He was allergic to cat—that is, his bronchial tubes were magnetized for cat and breathing air with the dander from the cat produced the attack.

So it is that we find in different people magnetized cells in different parts of the body—the skin, the nose, the bronchial tubes, the stomach, even the brain; and so we have many symptoms of allergy in these different parts of the body.

Now there are innumerable substances to which people may be allergic—that is, to which cells in some part of the body may be magnetized. Practically every food may be a cause, but the commonest ones are milk, eggs, wheat, fish and chocolate. There are the pollens of flowers, grasses and weeds—the danders of animals —the dust of homes. Other people are allergic to the things they touch—to paint, varnish and lacquer, the leaves of plants, to dyes in clothes, furs and cometics.

It has been estimated that from seven to ten people out of every hundred are allergic in some way to some one or several of the things they come in contact with in their daily lives in homes or at their work.

This rather new idea of how certain symptoms which we call allergy are produced has given physicians new methods of finding out the cause, and once the cause is found and removed, the symptoms disappear.

After a careful history and complete examination we do certain skin tests with solutions of the various foods and airborne substances with which the child is in contact. The solution is applied to a tiny scratch on the skin or a wee bit is injected through a needle.

These tests frequently, but not always, give us important clues to the cause of the allergy. If a child is tested with a very weak solution of cat dander and gives a reaction—that is, a good, hive-like swelling within five minutes of the test—it is

America: "Time is money."

FROM CURRENT PUBLICATIONS

Allergy and Its Victims *Talks* 22

Poster Personalities *Advertising Agency* 23

Supreme Court "Opinion" *Public Opinion* 23

A Comrade Resigns *Harper's* 24

Fish Tag *Inco Magazine* 25

Hitch-Hiking Head-Hunters *New York Times* 26

Dictators' Gamble *L'Echo de Paris* 26

Pleasures and Palaces *Cosmopolitan* 26

War in the Arctic *Contemporary Review* 27

Mussolini, Lady-Killer *This Week* 27

Old Golds—Up in Smoke *Fortune* 27

Who Represents America? *Ladies Home Journal* 28

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Spots before his eyes.
—Louisville Times

practically assured that he would have asthma on contact with cat.

This, of course, holds true for other air-borne substances such as dog and horse dander, various pollens and dusts, and for foods.

Allergic parents should be on guard for the earliest manifestations of allergy in their offspring.

Poster Personalities

John Powers in *Advertising Agency*

After fifteen years of picking the type of girls advertisers prefer to have photographed in chummy poses with their products, I am prepared to say that, these days, even run-of-mine femininity is head, neck, and shoulders ahead of the corresponding personnel that could be observed in a day's walk or a train-ride fifteen years ago.

I find my office, on Park Avenue, New York, the most prolific source of supply. There come hundreds of girls from many states, some with beautiful hands, some with teeth that shame the pearl, some with entrancing legs, some with eyes that could sell a top-hat to a deep-sea diver in search of a helmet, and, some, although deplorably few, who have complete and perfect equipment for casting spells. They comprise the glamour industry. They have played an important part in raising America's standard of living by lending their charms to advertising, the cornerstone of mass production.

The girls whose ad-photographs entrance the consuming public have set in motion national style trends—often unintentionally—which have created a great demand for something they happened to wear while posing.

One of the best examples of that was the hat-craze precipitated by Betty Wyman. She once posed for a cigarette ad while wearing a brown sport hat, the like of which had not been seen throughout the nation. It was one of those creations the girls call a "casual" type, a soft, brown headpiece, wide-brimmed, a bit mannish. No sooner had the cigarette ad hit the magazine pages than women throughout the country set up a hue and cry for the hat. Manufacturers of women's hats got to work. Volume production began.

There was the case, too, of Ethelyn Holt, another of my models. It is said of Miss Holt that, in each one hundred shins barked on Fifth Avenue in the course of a year, a full 25 per cent are sustained by the men who prefer to take a long look at Miss Holt rather than look where they're going. Miss Holt, like Miss Wyman, once assumed a cigarette pose while wearing an original creation north of her patrician brow. The result was a craze among women for hats constructed along identical lines. Women also demanded tailored modes to match the hat, thereby influencing production and style trends throughout the ready-to-wear trade.

A certain New York manufacturer of monogram pins attaches so much importance to such matters that he has made my beauty corps an interesting standing offer. He will pay from $5 to $50, depending upon the nature of the ad, to any model who wears one of his pins while posing, or to any model who manages to get a monogrammed handbag into the picture.

A competent model has improved more than one advertisement over which advertising agency brains have labored long. Betty McLauchlen was assigned to pose for a radio set manufacturer. The layout called for her to strike a dialing pose. While they were arranging the lights she draped an arm over the radio, dreamily, and looked off into space. Why hadn't they thought of that before? Egad, the impromptu pose would make it plain to ad readers that Miss McLauchlen was listening to a tone so true the very rapture of it had transported her to the far places. Doubtless it sold more radios than the original layout ever could have.

England: "Time and money."—Kladderadatsch, Berlin

Supreme Court "Opinion"

Elmo B. Roper, Jr., in *Public Opinion*

President Roosevelt's proposal to enlarge the Supreme Court has provoked a controversy of huge proportions. But what do the people think?

A small survey conducted during the last week of March and the first week of April was not large enough to provide a final answer. But it did sample several hundred respondents in the Middle West, in New England, and along the Atlantic Seaboard—where concentration of population is heaviest. Because so many political problems today are being decided on the basis of economic interests, this survey did proportionately represent the prosperous, the middle classes, and the poor.

Peace angel, new style.—
Nebelspalter, Switzerland

On the basis of this survey 28 per cent of the people are in favor of enacting into law the President's proposal. In this group are a large number of people who take the position that if Roosevelt wants it, it must be right. In this 28 per cent, however, is another large number of people who feel strongly that something should be done to define the status of the court, that there is nothing really wrong about the President's choice of means to accomplish the change, and that any proposal which has Roosevelt's backing has the best chance of being enacted into law.

About 36 per cent of the respondents were strongly against the President's proposal—and most of these would be against any proposal which affected in any way the Supreme Court. In this group are found those who make a fetish of worshipping the Constitution, those who are against Roosevelt in anything he attempts, those who say "if you can't play ball don't blame the umpire," and a considerable

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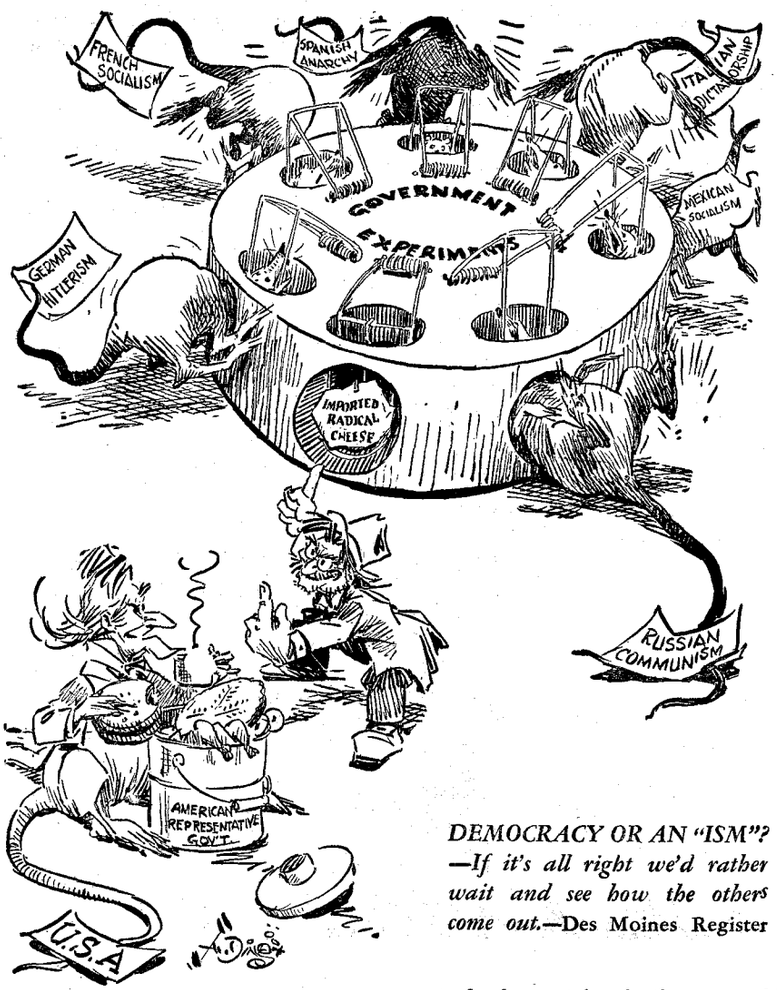

DEMOCRACY OR AN "ISM"?
—If it's all right we'd rather wait and see how the others come out.—**Des Moines Register**

body of people who hold to the opinion that no part of the government has always been 100 per cent right but that the Supreme Court has had a better average through the years than either Congress or the chief executive. The prosperous and middle class economic levels are represented heavily in this pro-court group, but the poor are there in quantities which would surprise anyone who contends that the lower income levels are willing to back the President in anything he does.

But what of the third group, the group which so often decides elections?

At the time this survey was taken 22 per cent of the respondents didn't know what they thought. Some of these were mildly disturbed by the din and turmoil raging about their ears and wished they knew more about the facts. Others accepted their lack of an opinion philosophically enough. A number said it would not matter what they thought anyhow, that it was a political fight and would be settled by Congressmen voting as they always do—on a political basis. This group is filled with potential converts. It would be smaller in a survey taken today, but the group will always be present.

Still 14 per cent are unaccounted for, and this group is in many respects the most interesting of all. For its members are firmly convinced that something should be done about the Supreme Court and just as firmly convinced that the President's proposal is not a good one. In this group there is also a large number of Roosevelt supporters. Some of these people prefer a Constitutional Amendment, or a two-thirds vote of the Court required to invalidate acts of Congress, or something else.

An effort was made to find out which of the President's reasons for advocating his proposal had made an impression on those who were strongly backing his plan. His argument that it would speed up the work of the court fell flat; less than 1 per cent agreed. His contention that men over seventy ought to retire anyhow gained a little more support—13 per cent. With the contention that the Supreme Court was blocking the will of the majority of the people, however, there was hearty agreement.

It would be unwise to conclude that the percentages named above are exactly accurate. But they are accurate enough to warrant the conclusion that a majority of the people who have an opinion on the issue feel that something should be done to the court; that it has too often blocked the will of the people; but that the President's proposal does not properly solve the question.

The most significant fact, however, is the size of the "third group"—those adopting a middle-of-the-road position or holding no opinion at all. With respect to an issue so hotly debated as the Supreme Court, it is of importance to know that in April of this year 36 per cent of the respondents were neither For It nor Against It.

A Comrade Resigns

Stuart Browne
in *Harper's*

I JOINED the Communist Party because I believed it would foster and protect that precious freedom which we Americans believe is necessary to life.

That there would be dues, I had known, but I was not quite prepared for what I found. My yearly salary was $3600. In all, my financial obligation to the Party amounted to approximately nine hundred dollars in two and one half years.

This was a minor worry compared to others that came to disturb my waking hours and haunt my tortured sleep. I didn't like the atmosphere of the party. Every unit meeting was permeated with a conspiratorial undertone. Imaginary enemies lurked outside our doors. If some innocent caller rang the doorbell a dead silence fell over us, as we waited with fluttering hearts for the caller to depart. Then in whispered tones, the discussion would begin again.

A party man must give everything to the Cause. After I got well into the routine of Party work, I was fortunate if I had two nights a week free to devote to my family and ordinary social engagements. On such nights I was often so exhausted that I went to sleep at a movie or dozed in my chair at a social gathering.

The greatest devotion, loyalty, and honor was expected from every Comrade. Our ethical standards were very high. It soon became apparent, however, that

It's your job, lad!—
Philadelphia Inquirer

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ethics may harbor strange practices. After my wife had been in the Party a month we were asked to get my wife's father to tell us what plans were being made to oppose unionization of the workers in his plant. Would the officers put up a fight? Whom are they planning to fire? These things we were to worm out of my wife's father while we sat as guests at his dinner table or entertained him in our home.

Part of our ineffectiveness was due to our leaders. Tiresome as the average politician may be, he is a wonder of ingenious perspicacity when contrasted to the Communist Party leader. The Party leaders are all alike. They fit a pattern more perfectly than any other human beings I have known. They are all dogmatic. So dogmatic that they are not even conscious of their dogmatism.

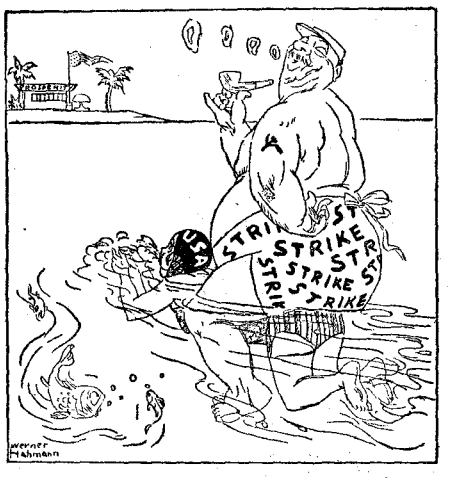
There was no dramatic trial when my wife and I dropped out of the Party. We were not threatened with dire punishments. Our withdrawal was a little sad, a sort of weary cessation of useless activity. Our Unit Organizer had a downtown office. I called on him and told him that I could no longer consider myself a member of the Party. He looked worried and disturbed. After we had talked for a time he asked me to come to the unit meeting and explain why I was leaving. I replied that I would gladly do so, but that I didn't think he would want me to tell the group what my objections were. I prepared them very carefully and proceeded to explain.

In the silence that followed my statement I could not help wondering why I had stayed in the Party for two and a half years. The objections I had just enumerated did not dawn upon me suddenly. I had felt them more or less clearly after the first few weeks in the Party. I believe that one reason I remained a member after I had come to hate Party activity was that I was ashamed to admit defeat. I did not want to be a quitter.

For a long time I tried to make myself believe that the Party could organize an effective protest against the worst aspects of labor exploitation. It was not until I had actually seen the Party at work in many different situations that I came to believe that its interest in revolution often led the unions into taking a stand that was so unreasonable as to invite disaster. As time passed, I felt quite certain that often the Party aimed at creating a strike situation for its own sake, and not primarily in order to gain advantages for the workers.

On my way home I thought of how I had joined the Communist Party of America in the interests of freedom, and how I had withdrawn in order to be once more a free citizen of the United States.

"Hey, Senator, how do you get it started?"—Buffalo Evening News



GERMAN OPINION ON AMERICAN LABOR.—"Burdened with strikes she will never reach her goal."—Kladderadatsch, Berlin

Fish Tag

From *Inco Magazine*

THERE'S no doubt now that fish will bite twice. A survey of The International Fisheries Commission proves it. Almost twelve years ago, the commission, formed under a treaty between the United States and Canada, began a study—among other fish—of the halibut. A scientific angling party each year goes out of Pacific Coast ports to catch members of this species—but not to eat.

An important phase of its work involves the tagging of halibut in order to determine their migrations, rates of growth and other facts of importance in the scientific work.

Each halibut is tagged with a narrow strip of Monel metal about two inches long and a quarter of an inch wide. This is pointed at one end and has a square hole at the other. The tag is attached to the opercle or cheek of the living halibut by a special tool which presses the pointed end through the flesh and bone of the cheek and clinches it through the hole in the other end.

Each tag is keyed to show where and when the catch was made. After tagging the fish is released. Sometimes the halibut may wear its tag only a few days before being caught. Others escape the fishermen for years. Recently all long-distance records were broken when one halibut was recaptured 3,572 days after being tagged. A few days later another fish was taken 3,582 days after the Monel tag was fastened in its cheek.

While the records in these two specific cases do not indicate how far the fish travelled, one tagged halibut was recovered recently after having travelled 2,284

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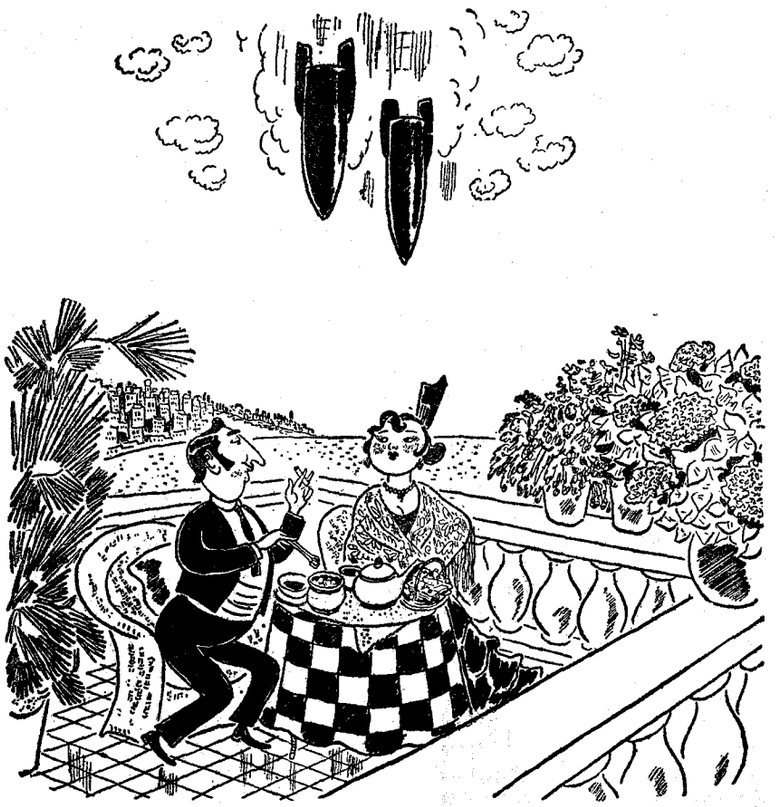


WAR IN SPAIN—ITALIAN VIEW—Tea in Barcelona: "How many pieces, Miss Dolores?"—Il Travaso, Rome

miles in six years from the place of tagging to the place of recovery.

Hitch-Hiking Head-Hunters

New York Times

EVEN head-hunters hitch-hike, according to Dr. Frederick Meyer, who has spent seventeen years in medical work in the Philippines.

Dr. Meyer, on furlough from his work as director of Emmanuel Hospital, Capiz Province, said that he was accosted by savage Borocs, head-hunters, as he drove along a precipitous road in the interior of Luzon.

They brandished their axes as he applied the brakes, and then asked him:

"Sir, may we ride to the next town with you?"

Dictators' Gamble

Pertinax (Andre Geraud) in *L'Echo de Paris*

PARIS and London do not disguise the difficulties of reaching an agreement on Spain with the two Fascist powers. For do the Führer and the Duce sincerely wish to negotiate? Or would they not rather keep Spain as an open sore in Europe, occasionally envenoming it?

It is difficult not to be struck by the brutal and violent sentences lately spoken and written in both Berlin and Rome. Hitler, Goebbels, Goering, even the conservative Dr. Schacht, all sound alike. Mussolini makes a speech of extraordinary truculence—the Fascist dictator, who signed the non-intervention agreement, openly boasts of having fought in Spain and promises to keep on fighting. After such an outburst how can we maintain, even in appearance, the hypocritical London system? And we must not forget that Berlin keeps on with its offensive against our ally, Czechoslovakia.

BRITISH VIEW—Comparing deeds of valor.—South Wales Echo

Hitler and Mussolini have made it plain that they are using the struggle against bolshevism as an excuse to imperil French and British lines of communication in the Mediterranean. Hitler endeavors to intimidate the two great Western powers in order to obtain a free hand in Central Europe. Mussolini, however, has higher ambitions. A friendly Spain would enable him to increase his pressure on French North Africa and especially on Egypt—which is caught between two sections of the Italian Empire.

But the master of Italy believes that England and France are in a state of decadence and his Abyssinian adventure leads him to think that fortune favors the daring. In the past, he has played and won. And Mr. Eden's words in the House of Commons, "We want peace at *almost* any price," will be no deterrent.

Pleasures and Palaces

Prince Christopher of Greece in *Cosmopolitan*

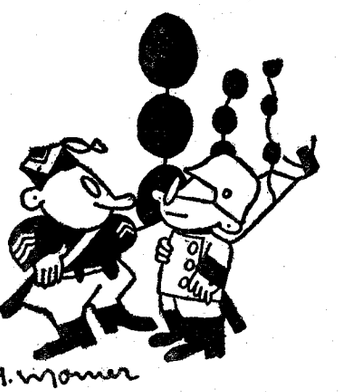
THE COURT in Athens was highly democratic. Everyone wanted it clearly understood that he was just as good as his neighbor. There were no titles and virtually no social distinctions. My brothers and I were always referred to by our first names, by the Greeks. "Here comes Constantine"—or "George" or "Andrew"—they would call loudly to one another when we walked in the streets.

Almost everybody went to the Court Balls. At one of them a lady was presented to my brother Constantine, whose face seemed vaguely familiar to him. He was wondering where he had seen her before, when he realized that she was the daughter of his valet.

Another time a foreign diplomat whose car had been damaged in an accident hired a carriage to drive him to the palace. "But do you mind going rather early?" the coachman stipulated. "Because I am going to the ball myself and I shall have to go home and change."

The diplomat laughed at what he thought a good joke, but sure enough, later in the evening he saw his former

FRENCH VIEW—"Fancy attacking peaceful soldiers when there are so many schools and hospitals just crying out to be bombarded."
—Le Canard Enchaîné, Paris



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POLITICAL SPORTS—Spanish Wimbledon.—Glasgow Record

Jehu resplendent in uniform, dancing with the wife of a Minister.

War in the Arctic?

Joachim Joesten in *Contemporary Review*

STRANGE things are going on in the Highest North. If only one-tenth of the sensational rumours referring to them tell the truth, Europe's "quietest corner" would seem to be today as much on the verge of war as any of the less privileged regions of our globe.

Soviet Russia and Germany, a good many people contend, will never be able to go to war, simply because they have no common frontier. History dealt this simplest view a first blow when Russian and German airplanes clashed over the roofs of Madrid. Another surprise will come to the sceptic the day—presumably not too far off—they learn that two Powers have chosen the North Cape for the next, or one of the next, battlefields.

For the time being both parties still content themselves with training their airmen and naval personnel for the coming fight in the Arctic. Frequently in recent months and weeks German and Russian warships have been observed manœuvring off the north Norwegian coast.

Concurrently the much talked-of "phantom-flyers" materialised into very real, presumably Russian airplanes, many of which have been observed in recent years over various points of Lapland.

The German War Minister, Field-Marshal von Blomberg, carried out last October an astounding tour of "inspection" along Norway's northernmost coastline. Though notoriously a pro-German paper, the Oslo *Aftenposten* made no bones about the fact that such an expedition, at that time of year, could have but one significance: to seek potential bases for a German naval and air operation in the Arctic Ocean.

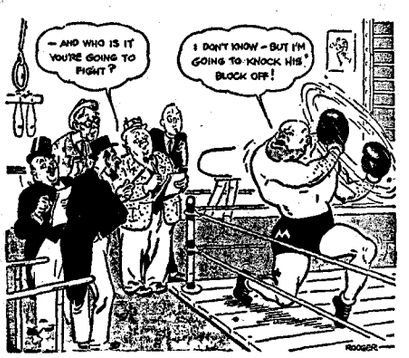
In the event of war, both Russia and Germany would be in a position to strike at each other a serious, maybe a fatal blow in the Arctic, the former by cutting off German war industry from an essential source of supplies; the latter by throttling the last free waterway of the Soviets on the Western front. Success will probably lie with the Power that strikes first and is prepared to trespass most unscrupulously on the rights of the small neutral countries involved. Which one that will be only the future can decide.

Mussolini, Lady-Killer

Alice Rohe in *This Week*

IS MUSSOLINI to go down in history as the fatal man for women?

A French pseudo-journalist shot Count Charles de Chambrun for shattering, she claimed, her "love idyll" with Italy's dictator and turned the spotlight of publicity upon Il Duce in a new rôle—that of the Great Lover. The sudden introduction of the love element into the macabre drama which Mussolini is enacting on the world stage calls attention to an important phase of Il Duce's life. This is his power



Judging by Mussolini's latest tirade, he is eager to have revenge on somebody for something.—Glasgow Record

over women, a power which has played no small part in his success.

We Americans who accept our presidents as such and regard the occasional peccadillos, hinted at down through the years, as private affairs, cannot conceive of a head of government who is the Great Lover. Yet Mussolini is that. His power over women has become a part of the Italian legend as much as the late President Theodore Roosevelt's "Delighted!" smile or President Calvin Coolidge's laconic humor.

I have known Mussolini for fifteen years. I have watched his power over the mass mind, but more significant because of the publicity given him in the Great Lover rôle, I have witnessed his power over women. To say, in somewhat outmoded phraseology, that he has "It" and "Sex Appeal" is not enough—though sex is, of course, the real answer. I have seen weather-beaten peasant women, heavy with child, their work-scarred hands raised in the Fascist salute, shaking with emotion as they gasped ecstatically: "Duce!" I have seen exquisite, sophisticated aristocrats trembling like love-sick schoolgirls in their anticipation of meeting the dictator.

"Go forth and multiply," he told 60,000 women during a speech in Rome just a few weeks ago. The women had been brought from all parts of Italy to attend the opening of a child welfare exhibition, and Il Duce urged them to aid in his campaign against the nation's falling birth rate.

The almost hysterical enthusiasm exhibited in the Circus Maximus that day was proof of Mussolini's power over women. As he concluded his oration, the army of listeners broke ranks and rushed for the smiling dictator—they tore his clothing and almost pulled him off his feet in their effort to embrace or even touch him.

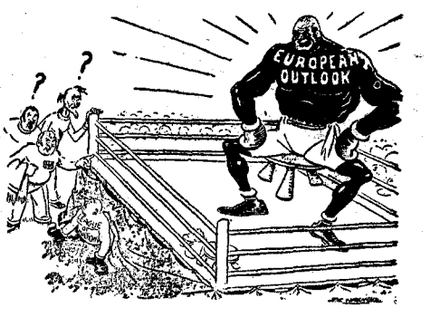
Il Duce knows how to get what he wants from women, whether it is a grand passion or a grand propaganda. For, consciously or unconsciously, women respond to this "x-quality," call it what they may. And consciously or unconsciously, Mussolini, with his avowed contempt for women, uses it to advantage. There are certain types of women who are even attracted by his contempt.

Old Golds—Up in Smoke

In *Fortune*

SINCE January 25, when P. Lorillard Co. declared in some 350 newspapers that it would pay $200,000 for the answers to a series of rebus puzzles, the Old Gold contest has been by all odds the most discussed prize contest in a country whose passion for easy money supports many hundred such every year.

By the dead line on May 15, a good 2,000,000 people had mailed in at least ninety answers apiece and also some 90,000,000 Old Gold cigarette wrappers, for which they had paid around $13,500,000. Probably another million souls



Chief Second: "Come on! You are world-peace champion, and your challenger is waiting in the ring!" White Hope (trying to dodge issue): "B-but I'm n-not the ch-champion. I lost the title in Ethiopia."—South Wales Echo

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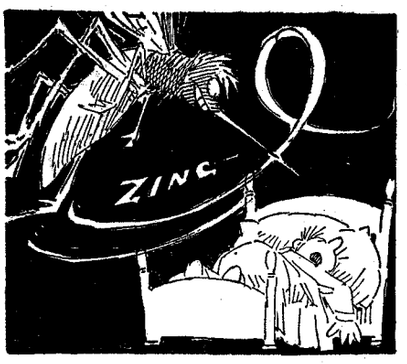
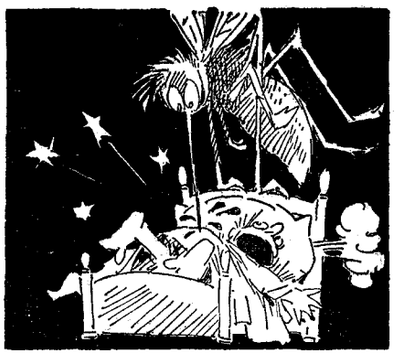




Midsummer's Nightmare —Daily Oklahoman

had done some work on the puzzles and given up, among these being Mrs. George Washington Hill Jr., whose father-in-law is President of the American Tobacco Co. (Lucky Strike), and whose husband finally got so he couldn't stand the sight of Old Golds around the house.

As for the hours of brain beating, pencil chewing, lexiconning, answer-trading, and mental goose-chasing the contest has so far inspired, a conservative estimate is that of F. Gregory Hartswick, the boss creator of the puzzles, who thinks the average entrant spent about eighty hours on the ninety of them—a total of 160,000,000 man-hours.

Despite repeated reminders from Old Gold, 10,000 excited entrants disqualified themselves by forgetting to sign their names and addresses. Some answers were set to music. One old lady, spotting the jumble of gold coins on the Old Gold wrapper, inscribed her answers on the backs of ninety gold-foil-wrapped chocolate disks and mailed them in a drawstring bag prettily decorated with a treasure chest.

When a firm like Lorillard offers in all seriousness a first prize of $100,000 (the biggest on record) and 2,000,000 Americans think their chances at it are worth eighty hours of hard work, the time has come to inquire whether Lorillard or the American Public is screwy. The Old Gold contest is setting Lorillard back $1,200,000 for advertising, $200,000 for prizes, and $600,000 for clerical and other expense: total, $2,000,000. And what do they get for that?

During the first four months of 1937 the sales of Old Gold have increased by 70 per cent over the same period of 1936. The industry as a whole increased its output by 11 per cent. The actual Old Gold wrappers sent in, which were shredded and baled into some eighty tons of pulp, in themselves represent a manufacturer's profit (at about one cent a package) of $900,000. Thus you can hardly figure that the contest has paid its own expenses; but Mr. Benjamin L. Belt, President of P. Lorillard Co., and Mr. Belt's advertising man are well satisfied with their bargain. By their publicity standards, discussion is the better part of value, and their contest is pretty sure to remain the most widely talked about cigarette campaign of 1937.

Who Represents America?

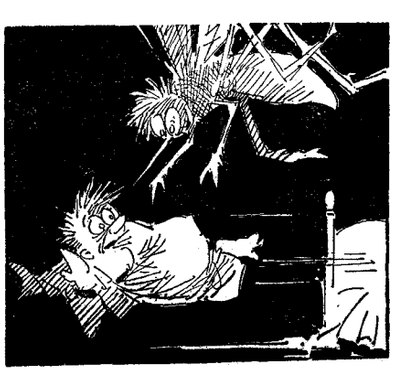
Dorothy Thompson in *Ladies' Home Journal*

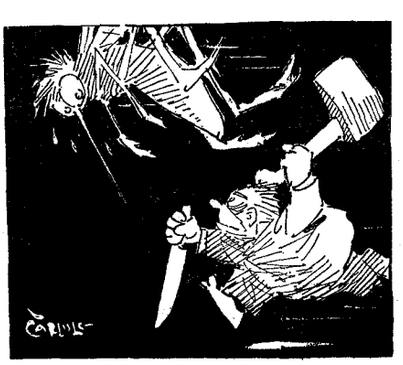
ONE can take the list of our ambassadors and ministers and find that not half of them—specifically, only twenty-four out of fifty-four—ever went through diplomatic training from the smaller posts to the higher. And of ambassadors—the highest position in the diplomatic service—seven are career men and ten are political appointees; and except for Rome, Tokyo and Peiping, the career men are in South America and Havana and Turkey. They are not in Paris, London, Berlin or Moscow. Ambassadorships are sought for social prestige.

Our recently appointed ambassador to the Soviet Republic, Joseph Edward Davies, prepared for that position by serving the Democratic Party since 1912, and by acting as lawyer and counselor to a South and Central American republic in a couple of controversies. He is a corporation lawyer and married to a rich wife.

A young man who enters the diplomatic service of the United States today can hardly hope to earn more than $10,000 a year, and that after many years of training, of being moved from pillar to post, of living outside his own country and educating his children abroad. An ambassador gets $17,500, but embassies are social plums for rich men. Unless the career man has a personal fortune to start with, he may reach the top as a minister in some South American republic, or serve as counselor, doing all the real work for a meager salary under some rich bondholder and political appointee who can afford to be ambassador, and thus above him. Imagine any business run that way! It would soon be totally demoralized.

So if we want to promote world peace, let us demand that this nation, which is wholeheartedly devoted to peace, be represented as it deserves to be in the world's capitals. The money proposed to be spent on a single public-works project—the Florida ship canal, which most engineers think is nonsensical—would double the State Department's budget for the next nine years. It would permit us to pay our representatives their salaries, for themselves, and give them expense accounts on which to run establishments for us. As it is, we take back from them in actual cash more, in most cases, than we ever pay. It would make it possible for others than the rich to represent America. It would put some democracy into democratic diplomacy. It would encourage gifted youth to put its talents in the services of this country and of the world.





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BOOKS IN BRIEF

War Propheteering

by Richard Lewinsohn

THE age of imperialism has brought small reward to professional soldiers. In spite of all the admiration accorded to victorious generals public opinion is opposed to their making profits out of war.

The last war confirmed this tendency. Only in Great Britain the old system was maintained. The war was still going on when Admiral Jellicoe was made a peer and granted £50,000. When the War was over, a whole series of grants was made. Haig got £100,000, Allenby £50,000, Plumer £30,000, Robertson and Birdwood £10,000. Each grant was accompanied by a title. Nevertheless, compared to former times, rewards of this kind even in England had sensibly diminished. And in contrast to what had happened formerly, no statesman received a grant.

Strange as it may seem, the largest of these retrospective rewards was on the side not of the victors, but of the vanquished, the recipient being Hindenburg. The Hindenburg Fund, raised for him, amounted to 7 million marks. At his express wish, the greater part of it was devoted to the victims of the war.

In the Middle Ages and during the centuries of absolute monarchy, the plunder reserved for victorious generals was always enough to range them among the richest men of their age. The general as a war-profiteer is a conception which accords ill with twentieth century opinion.

In history, the first to make profit from war were those who carried arms; next those who financed armaments; and only much later those who made them. From the middle of the nineteenth century, war profits began to evacuate the field of finance, to form a new line in the armament works and munition factories. A large number of other businesses became involved, and between 1914 and 1918 war profits extended to a very large field of trade and industry. On the whole the more "pacific" trades and industries did better out of the war than the armament firms. Neutrals made more than belligerents.

Looking toward the future, it may fairly safely be predicted that the further one gets from wars, the more profitable they will be. It is not one's own wars that will bring in the profits, but the wars of others. Armaments will realize less war profits than the most innocent of products. Evolution is at work to make war profits more and more indirect, so that Julius Caesar's place is now to be taken by some magnate of the canning trade. (*The Profits of War,* E. P. Dutton & Co., $3.00.)

Sex Magazines

by Harold Brainerd Hersey

THE rise and fall of the sex magazine may be divided into three periods. At the start, the publishers showed only the backs of naked women in their photographs and a handsome profit was made by the trade in general. When the models were turned sideways, the sixpenny public seemed to want all or nothing, so the unblushing ladies were swung completely around, facing the camera with only stilted smiles. The average story in these magazines passed through similar periods.

Skirts had been getting shorter in real life. The young generation had just discovered sex, as it always does, but it had not heretofore felt itself called upon to chatter about it openly like a cageful of monkeys on exhibit in a zoo. It was only natural, therefore, that once this subject was accepted as being a vital topic of the day, it should crop up in the printed page.

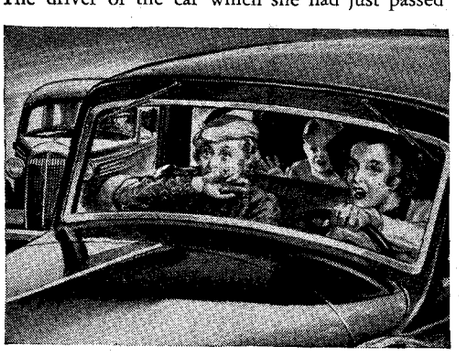
KATHARINE BRUSH RELATES THE FACTS:

BANG! A TIRE BLEW OUT—ONE LITTLE "DEB" IS WISER AND SAFER

KATHARINE BRUSH—Celebrated Author of "*Young Man of Manhattan*" and Other Best Sellers

This Girl Might Have Been Your Daughter

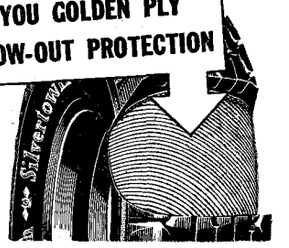
AS Helen Jean Talbot, a pert debutante of Grosse Pointe, Michigan, was clipping off the miles on the road from Lansing to Flint, she swung out in the fast lane of traffic to pass a car in front. Then things began to happen. Above the purr of her motor burst the ear-splitting "Bang" of a blow-out. Jean's hands clung helplessly to the steering wheel. The driver of the car which she had just passed was able to stop short. But all that separated her car from a yawning ditch was a few inches of crumbling earth.



Jean loves a thrill—but this was one too many for her. That's why today her car is equipped with Goodrich Silvertowns.

I'm a writer, not a mechanic, but I am interested enough in my own safety to find out something about blow-out protection. And here's what I discovered. Many blow-outs are caused by the terrific heat that is generated inside the tire by today's high speeds. Goodrich, foreseeing the need for a *safer* tire, invented the Life-Saver Golden Ply, a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist *internal tire heat.* By resisting this heat *inside* the tire, the Golden Ply protects you against these dangerous high-speed blow-outs. Equip your car with Goodrich Silvertowns. *Tomorrow isn't a bit too soon.*

ONLY GOODRICH SILVERTOWNS GIVE YOU GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION



Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

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CLEAN— PURIFY—
POLIDENT
FALSE TEETH
AND REMOVABLE BRIDGES
NO BRUSHING
Works like magic. Just put plate or bridge in water and add a little Polident powder. Then, in a few minutes, it is sweet, clean and polished—*and actually purified!* Needs no brushing or stirring.
LIKE NEW
Even the worst old stains, tarnish and deposits are dissolved away. No acid. No danger. And no more fear of "denture breath." For Polident guarantees true hygienic cleaning.
Helps Remove False Look From Gums
Dentists highly recommend Polident for safe care of dentures. You will find it a wonderful comfort and convenience. Long-lasting can costs only 30 cents at any drug store.
WERNET DENTAL MFG. CO.
882 Third Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Accepted Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau
ASK YOUR DENTIST!
POLIDENT

LOVELY HANDS
Amazing mild medication helps soothe and whiten hands. Superior to lotions, creams!
CUTICURA
SOAP AND OINTMENT

The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

The sex and the so-called "art" magazines were mirrors that reflected the thought and speech of a large element of their day, just as *Godey's Lady's Book* reflected its own era.

The publishers little realized that it was all a passing fad. They entered their final phase with happy hearts. True, sales *had* begun to fall off slightly, but once let the customers have full, front views of naked models illustrating stories equally bold, and they would come flocking back to the newsstands like sheep. Never were practical men so sardonically fooled.

They would be the first to deny these allegations. Increasing difficulties with local officials form their most frequent alibi; being suppressed in one community after another limited circulation. They forget that officialdom acts only in unison with the majority. The majority of people had been indifferent to the sex magazines; the minority who bought them were thoroughly disillusioned; and so, when the majority finally woke up to the situation and demanded punitive measures, the sex sheet was doomed except as an under-the-counter product.

In the good old days the sale of a sex sheet might run as high as fifty thousand. This meant a net profit of approximately five thousand dollars per issue for a single magazine; twenty to twenty-five thousand for four, a quarter million yearly.

If a magazine was suppressed in New York there were still forty-seven other States and some fifty thousand retailers willing, nay, eager, to handle these amazing periodicals. They lived in communities far removed from one another, communities that blew hot and cold by turns. A moral campaign on the Pacific Coast, for example, had little or no repercussion along the Eastern Seaboard. It was taken for granted that in certain spots there would be trouble; there was; but if the citizens were aroused against the sex magazines in these places, the copies were withdrawn until the spasms of moral anxiety subsided sufficiently to permit the magazines to be placed on sale once more.

The general craze for sex magazines of all kinds was no different from any other fad that people enjoy breathlessly for a while and then forget. The Good Citizen was both disturbed and deceived, deceived into believing that it was any more important than the fad for psychoanalysis, cross-word puzzles, and the ouija-board, to mention but a few. (*Pulp Wood Editor,* Frederick A. Stokes Co., $3.00)

CRUSADER

(*Continued from page 15*)

Red Cross was a reality, and Clara Barton its first president. Her enemies predicted, some of her friends even hoped, that she would seek Congressional appropriations to support it. But she saw the pitfalls in political alliance. So she formulated the policy, still in force, that the Red Cross should be independent, supported only by voluntary contributions.

Even before she knew where money was coming from, Clara Barton organized help for sufferers in the Michigan forest fire disaster of 1881. She chartered river steamers and rode up and down the Mississippi and Ohio in '84, dispensing relief to flood victims. In '93, she rushed to the South Carolina Sea Islands where a hurricane had piled the Atlantic Ocean over the housetops. Her organizing genius was continually at work. The International Red Cross had been founded to care only for battle casualties. Clara Barton showed the world that almost every year humanity somewhere suffers a disaster that deserves the aid of man in brotherhood.

The stormy petrel, in truth a dove of mercy, was present at most of the major catastrophies of recent history—at the Johnstown Flood, in martyred Armenia, in the midst of the horrors of Galveston. When the *Maine* blew up in Havana harbor, survivors, coming to consciousness, looked up in her face. She never lost, in the vast administrative tasks, the direct personal touch. She was a general who dismounted and fought with the privates.

Decorated by the Czar of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, more be-decorated than any woman in history who was not born a queen, she wore no emblem but a Red Cross brooch at her throat. She had, indeed, a passion for red; there was always a fleck of it about her frugal dress. It seemed to symbolize for her the heart's blood which she put into work that another might have made coldly institutional. For Clara Barton did not merely sympathize, she suffered with others. Again and again she carried an enterprise through and when it was done, collapsed from nervous overstrain. Of her earliest recollections she said, "I remember nothing but fear," and yet she went through blood and war and storm. She conquered herself first, and lived long because she lived for others.

At 82 she was still valiant of spirit; but her hands were old and weak. The organization had outgrown supervision by one head. She had to go, and it broke her heart. To the end she was ready for the call; in her house there was always prepared a reserve of food and medicines, of bandages and comforts. Yet her personal frugality deepened. Her tiny frame shrank, actually shortened noticeably. At 90, her great spirit cast it off. What is left is the Red Cross, the only emblem in the world that I could honor as I do my country's flag.

—*Donald Culross Peattie.*

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MOVIES

(Important current releases)

SINCE this is the middle of the motion-picture industry's annual no-man's-land, it is scarcely sportsmanlike to judge current films by *summa cum laude* standards. Hollywood begins another year at some vague point during the last two weeks in July and the first two in August. Once over the hiatus, the 1937-38 cinema season starts. During the low point, the studios merely complete their quotas for the 1936-37 schedule.

Not much is left by July and it is all at the bottom of the grab-bag. Any studio blessed with a new super-charger prefers to hold it until the industry is safely past its New Year's Day. There are annual awards to be considered. Besides, what is the use of casting pearls before a public recalcitrantly parked in a cold shower or dangling a dry fly over a shady stream in the country?

However, by careful selection, and by not insisting on the latest releases, one can span this no-man's-land in comparative comfort.

The Good Earth, screen adaptation of Pearl Buck's novel starring Paul Muni and Luise Rainer, is at last available at popular prices throughout the country. Those who saw it in New York or other cities where it played two performances a day, last winter, rate it the great film of this past season and one of the great films of all time.

Captains Courageous, MGM's memorial to the days of full-rigged ships, is still showing in a number of theaters.

Slave Ship, another attempt to immortalize the high seas, is recommended to those who, having been encouraged by *Captains,* continue to hanker after life on the waves—no matter how improbable.

Slim, dedicated to the high-tension wire workers, is also about.

Two films that fell way below expectations, but have considerable historic and literary interest, are *Parnell,* with Clark Gable and Myrna Loy, and *The Road Back.* The latter has just been released nationally. James Whale's production of Remarque's *The Road Back* left New York, where it played two performances a day during June, in a somewhat dismal condition. Whale has permitted a significant tragedy of postwar disillusion to become largely a vehicle for the comic technics of Slim Summerville and Andy Devine. None-the-less, it is better than average, particularly for those who have not read the novel.

They Won't Forget (reported last week) dealing with the grim and still flourishing American problem of lynching in the deep South is unquestionably the summer's major event.

I Met Him in Paris, starring Claudette Colbert, and *A Day at the Races* (Marx Brothers) are still holding the comedy fort. More recent, though neither as bright nor as well-knit, is *Easy Living* with Jean Arthur and Edward Arnold. MGM, incidentally, has just reissued *Manhattan Melodrama,* a box-office whirlwind of several seasons past. Starring Messrs. Gable and Powell, not to mention Miss Loy. Need more than this be said?

There is also the Russian eczema: *Knight Without Armor,* starring Dietrich and Donat; *The Emperor's Candlesticks,* ditto Powell and Rainer; *Two Who Dared,* ditto Anna Sten (remember her?) and Henry Wilcoxon; and *Three Legionnaires.* Don't bother about the last two. The full quartet is reported out of amazement rather than recommendation, since it seems incredible that four studios should feel simultaneously impelled to show their public beards, executions, vodka, executions, snow, executions, Slavonic dances—and again executions. Death should take a holiday.

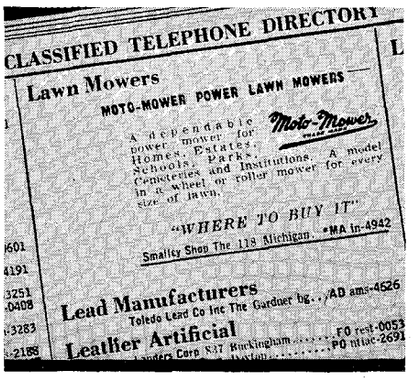
Still more incredible is the fact that practically no one has been permitted to see the one good Russian film. Max Eastman's *Tsar to Lenin,* a compilation of newsreels, varies from the Russian rash group in being authentic, the thorn presumably. Every theater not forbidden by the local chamber of commerce to show it faces the threat of picketing. *Tsar to Lenin* owners have promised, however, to keep up the fight until it crashes every city in the country, at which point audiences will be surprised to discover it is a valuable historical document rather than a piece of subversive propaganda.

Paramount's newsreel of the Chicago Memorial Day strike riot, which ranks with the Hindenburg pictures as this year's most significant product from the camera medium, is also bothered by boycott. Police Lieutenant Harry Costello of Chicago banned it on the grounds that "it violates a local ruling which stipulates that pictures likely to incite patrons cannot be shown." St. Louis officials offered the excuse that it is "unfit for women and children to see."

P. S.: For the benefit of Chief Costello's "patrons" and St. Louis' "women and children" there is a new Shirley Temple picture. It is called *Wee, Willie Winkie.*

"I wanted to know where to buy a certain branded product. I turned to my Classified Telephone Directory and quick as a flash found a nearby dealer listed there."

Do *you* use this handy, time-saving guide whenever you buy?



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The Spice of Life

(Title registered U. S. Patent Office)

Sympathetic—The civilian who wasn't quite equal to the task of distinguishing officers' rank by their insignia, was conversing with a Colonel. Several times he called him captain, then, as if not sure, he asked: "You are a captain, aren't you?"

"Well," said the colonel, slightly amused. "I am not any more, although I once was."

"That's too bad," consoled the civilian. "Drink, I suppose."—*U. S. Marine Corps Leatherneck.*

Joint Expedition—A burglar, who had entered a poor minister's house at midnight, was disturbed by the awakening of the occupant of the room he was in. Drawing his weapon, he said:

"If you stir, you are a dead man. I'm hunting for your money."

"Let me get up and strike a light," said the minister, "and I'll hunt with you."—*The Sentinel.*

On the Face of It—*Jack:* "Grandpa, we've been arguing whether the clock stands or sits on the mantel."

Grandpa: "It is half-past eight by the clock and it is only a quarter to eight; therefore, I should say it lies on the mantel."—*Boys' Life.*

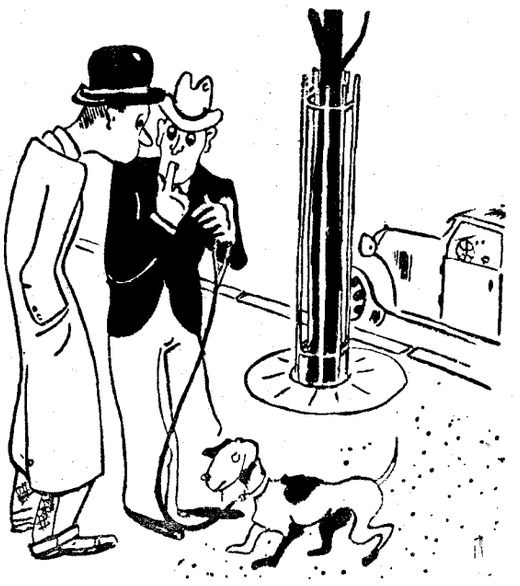
Shyness Mutual—A certain firm had the following legend printed on its salary receipt forms:

"Your salary is your personal business, and should not be disclosed to any one."

The new employee, in signing the receipt, added: "I won't mention it to anybody. I'm just as much ashamed of it as you are."—*Irish Independent.*

Old Reprint—"Is McPherson in?"

"Aye, but he's very busy; he's sharpening the phonograph needle for the party tonight."



"But your dog is a mongrel." "Hush! Not so loud. He thinks he's a thorobred."—Moustique, Cha eroi.

What's This?—"Is he really as fast a runner as they say?"

"Is he fast? Say, he can run so fast that all the men he races with have to run twice as fast as he does to keep up with him."

Attention Jim Farley—*Old Lady* (to little boy standing on his head): "Don't you know that if you do that, you'll never get to be president?"

Little Boy: "That's all right, lady, I'm a Republican."
—*U. of P. Punch Bowl.*

"How will you start spring cleaning, Mary?" "'And ng in me notice."—Holite Humour, London.

OR SO THEY SAY

George Norris: "I still favor Hoover for Ex-President."

Lady Nancy Astor: "America is too big for one union."

Goering Monument at Schorfheide: "Erected to the Headhunter of the Reich by the Wild Animals of Germany, in Gratitude."

Manchester Guardian: "What Europe needs today is more talk and less action."

Winston Churchill: "It is a socialist idea that making profits is a vice. I consider the real vice is making losses."

Sir Josiah Stamp: "Labor is the most difficult hurdle you Americans have got; you'd better recognize labor!"

"He got tired of the canary shrieking."— Sunday Pictorial, London

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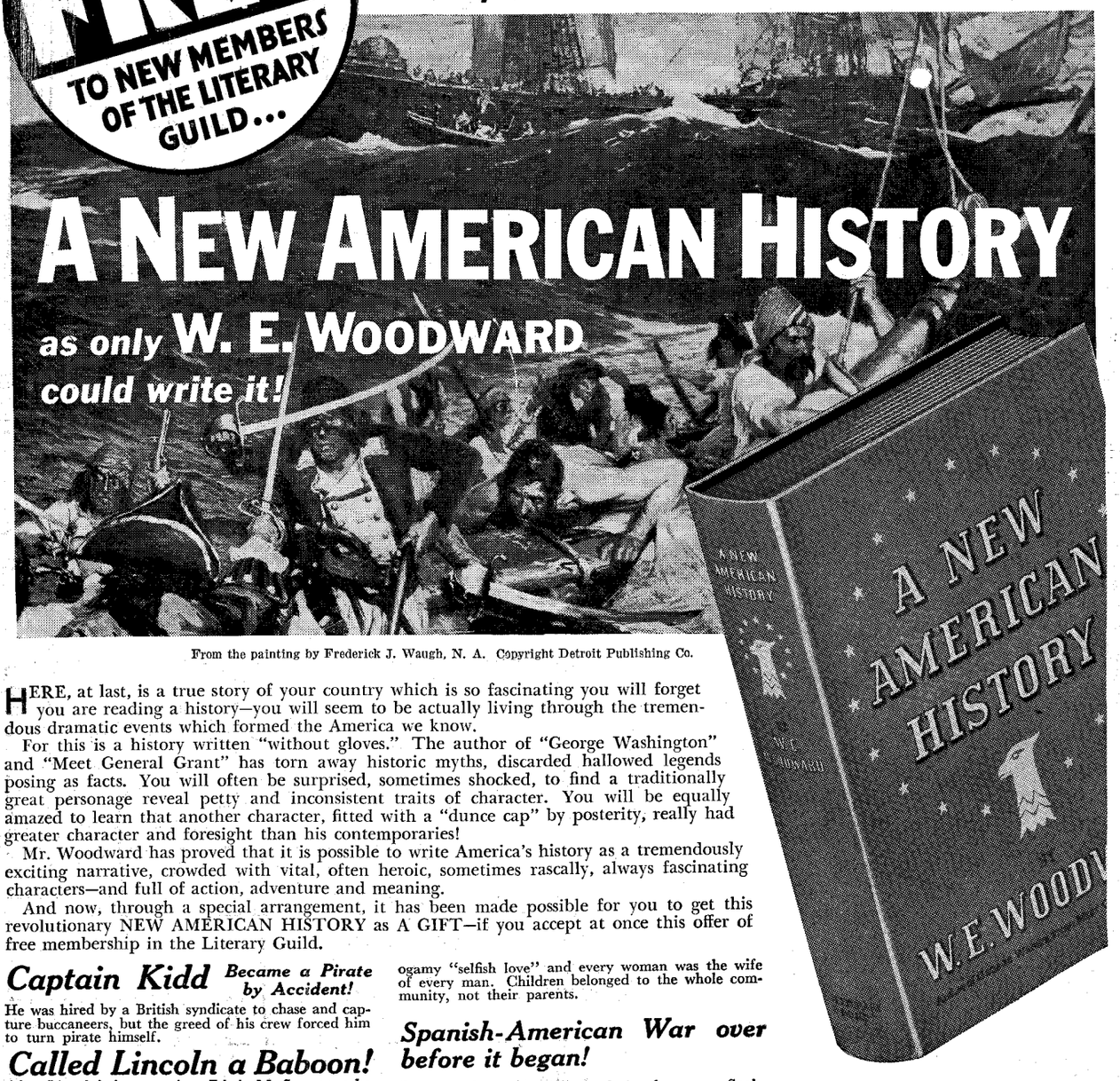

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